

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE NEW FEATURE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

At the opening of the Presidential campaign, we took occasion to advocate the south-western custom of stump speaking, as a great educator of the masses in political history, and as really the most efficient method, not only of bringing the great questions involved in the canvass before the people, but also, more important still, urging its claims to notice as a school of discipline for aspirants for office, training them from the beginning to express themselves in debate, to wear off painful timidity, and as the best means of acquiring the art of managing men. We believe, at the time, the proposition met with comparatively little favor, and public opinion decidedly frowned down the observance. In the course of two or three months a marked change, however, has come over the public, and never before in the management of a Presidential campaign in the northern States has there existed such a demand for public speakers. The cause of this change is

two-fold; first, oral communication, though not the most efficient medium of addressing numbers, is the most natural, and combines a thousand charms, not to be realized from the presentation of ideas upon the printed page. We naturally feel disposed to associate expressed thoughts with individuality; we desire to see the person of the speaker, learn his peculiarities, sympathise with his manner, behold his flashing eye, listen to the intonations of his voice, mark the ingenuity of his argument and feel the fire of his apostrophes, and, in addition to this, we like to thrill with the electrical sympathy that comes from mingling in a crowd, swayed by the same emotions, involved in the same intellectual pursuit, engaged in the same gigantic struggle.

But the second and greatest cause for the sudden popularity of stump speaking arises from the melancholy fact, that the partisan press, (which is the whole press engaged in politics,) with scarcely an exception, has become so jaundiced and so utterly regardless of everything but bolstering up party at the expense of truth, that

the great mass of the public place no reliance upon these prejudiced advocates, and listen to the glowing descriptions of "our" mass meetings, or the depreciating remarks of the gatherings of "our opponents," as "tinkling brass and sounding cymbal." And to such an extent has this over-laudation or criminal misrepresentation of political assemblages and political men become, that the press has ceased to present arguments, facts or principles, save as they accidentally struggle through clouds of personal abuse, fulsome praises, gross depreciation, misstatements, passionate appeals, in the din and bustle of which all that is really fair and honest is utterly lost sight of, and the reader, like a confused, not an enlightened jurymen, becomes conscious that he has listened to the pleadings in vain, and that everything has been done to confuse his judgment and keep him from coming to an enlightened conclusion.

Under these circumstances, public discussion is demanded, and candidates for office, and the zealous supporters of candidates,



GEO. W. BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, JUN.

JUDGE SMITH.

GOV. CHARLES ROBINSON.

GAUS JENKINS

— WILLIAMS.

GEO. W. DETHLEFSEN.

"FREE STATE PRISONERS," TAKEN AT THEIR CAMP, NEAR LECOMPTON, KANSAS TERRITORY. DRAWN BY WALLEN, FROM THE DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN FOR MRS. CHARLES ROBINSON.

OCT. 4, 1856.

begin to feel the necessity of coming more directly in contact with their constituents, and by personal intercourse present their claims. The masses are beginning to appreciate this new order of things, and demand "a sight" in consideration for their support; the papers, heretofore omnipotent, are rapidly sinking into mere mediums of ideas, have lost their power to control public opinion, and have no merit except as the mirror that is praised and condemned according to the size and perfect reflection of the world that is passing around us.

That this reform will be radical we have not a doubt—that it will introduce a better state of things, we know. The first effect will be to strike down those wire-pulling and secret caucuses, in which unprincipled men have heretofore got together and parcellled out the offices and honors of the country, as robbers divide their ill-gotten spoils, leaving the people, like so many dupes, merely the privilege of indorsing their rapacity, and crying ho-sanna over the humiliating fact that they (the people) were foully cheated and robbed. We say, the "primary meetings," the "false pretences," the "swindlers" and the grog-shop influences of the professed ground-digging politicians have received their death blow—the stump introduces the aspirant for office to the public, and the people, thus becoming acquainted with the individual, can intelligently decide upon his merits. It will be in vain that pot-house politicians, reeking in whisky and bad tobacco, can hereafter thrust an unknown and unhonored person upon the community, because aspirants for public honors will have become known through the legitimate nomination of public discussion, and he who possesses eloquence and well-applied industry must, in this noble field, have a fair chance to struggle for the palm of victory. It is on the stump that our Republican youth find another lanista to prepare for triumphs in our Olympic games. It is on the stump that they can increase their intellectual muscle, so that they can wrestle and run, endure and triumph, and it is from the crowded audience that surround this truly democratic forum, that our noble youth are to receive the laurel, and thus be admitted to the honors of the State.

The practice of stump speaking in the South and West has been the school in which southern politicians have been trained, and in this fact must we look for their admitted superiority in our national legislature. It is because southern Congressmen are expert in debate, and, from long practice, able to express their ideas, have a prompt and energetic manner, can, in fact, use to the best advantage all the faculties God has given them, that they have heretofore exerted such an overwhelming influence in Congress. In the minority, so far as numbers are concerned, and the defenders of institutions and systems that stand comparatively unsupported, save to the strict letter of the law, still they have, by their superior knowledge of debate, maintained their mastery, and will do so until northern men are equal in the power of expression, equal in the ability to defend their institutions and their constituencies; and when the stump has prepared them for this proper power, Congress will again assume an intellectual character, ruffianism will be displaced by argument, and no triumph will be achieved unless it be in the struggle of mind with mind, principle with principle.

FREE-STATE PRISONERS NEAR LECOMPTON, KANSAS TERRITORY.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

We present to our readers portraits of the "seven free-State prisoners," who have, until recently, been in custody of the U. S. Marshal, of Kansas, charged with treason against the Territorial laws. The causes which led to their arrest, and their subsequent treatment, have been made the subject of more newspaper discussion, vituperation, praise, and censure than any incident connected with governmental affairs that has occurred since Aaron Burr was arrested in the then Territory of Mississippi and brought to Richmond, Va., for trial. Our readers are aware that there are no jails in Kansas, and that the prisoners were held in confinement in the open prairie. The tent in which they slept, partook of their meals, and received their friends, is to be seen in the background. It is only necessary for the most superficial observer of the human face to examine the portraits of these men to perceive that they are of that class indifferent to hardships, firm of purpose, combining, as did the Puritans, the extraordinary mixture of strong faith and undaunted courage where cherished principles are concerned; who pray with fervor, and yet believe that it is necessary to keep their powder dry; men, in fact, who mingle in the pursuits of life a religious element that can never be crushed out; that expediency never qualifies; that opposition and persecution can never for a moment destroy. Such men's struggles are self-sustained through every defeat, and when conquerors they bear their honors meekly, relying for reward upon the consciousness of having done their duty, rather than upon the plaudits of an admiring and fickle multitude. Our picture cannot fail to interest. Art has combined in its varied magical demonstrations to bring from the far distant regions of Kansas a bit of life just as it was presented in the open day. We have reflected at our firesides the men as they appeared in their natural attitudes, in their every-day costumes, surrounded with their literal associations. If we could have looked in upon the real scene, we could have obtained no better idea of what was before the eye than our picture presents. The most prominent person in the group is Gov. Charles Robinson, a native of Hardwick, Worcester County, Mass. Having selected medicine for a profession, he graduated at Berkshire Medical College, in 1843, and settled in Springfield, Mass. Falling in his plans, he sought the fields of California to better his fortunes. Among the excitements of a new country, and the characters these excitements collect together, he immediately found a place. Popular rights formed the subject of interest, and the squatters of Sacramento immediately recognized him as their leader, elected him to the Legislature, where he became chairman of the committee on public lands. Dr. Robinson accompanied from New England one of the first parties that settled in Kansas, which party founded the town of Lawrence, of which he was elected Mayor. His history since that time is really the history of Kansas Territory. As commander of the free-State forces he accomplished a great moral victory by never encouraging violence, and in this manner kept his cause, under his counsels, unstained by blood. We have been furnished with many authentic anecdotes which go to show that Dr. Robinson is a brave man, and in the time of danger is conveniently cool and daring, and that he has eminently the great facility of attaching to his person the people who surround him. In person, Dr. Robinson is about six feet high, slightly stooping in the shoulders, and of a retiring manner. His forehead is high and broad, and within a few years has become bald. His most remarkable feature is his eye, which when at rest is blue and soft, yet firm with determination and fire when excited. His great characteristics are sound judgment and caution, combined with indomitable courage and patience. We have not been able to obtain the personal histories of the persons whose names and portraits will be found in our beautiful illustration.

On the 30th of October, 1851, he married Miss Sarah T. Laurence, daughter of the Hon. Myron Laurence, of Belchertown, Mass. The devotion which this lady has displayed to her husband has shown

her to be no ordinary woman. Although of small frame and apparently delicate health, she has endured every hardship. Her letters to her Belchertown friends are full of enthusiasm, and breathe a most determined spirit. In all the troubles in Lawrence, she was ever resolute, and in her varied duties passed sometimes three and four days without seeing her husband. To this lady we are indebted for the following facts and personal reminiscences concerning Dr. Robinson.

"I will merely state further some incidents, showing how, amid dangers, he has seemed to bear a charmed life. In the days when farmers had their apples made into cider, and my husband was a child of four or five years, he went with his father to the mill. The cart was pushed back against a wall, the barrels, several in number, were loaded upon it, leaving only room for the youngsters on the back-end of the cart. As the horses started for home, something about the cart broke, letting it tip down behind, and the barrels rolled backwards. The father expected to find the little fellow crushed beneath them; but as the cart tipped, the lower barrel rested partly upon the wall and partly upon the cart, leaving just room enough for him to lie uninjured beneath it. Being of active temperament, a few years later found him scaling the high ladders and tallest trees on the premises. One day, however, he made a sad misstep on the high beam in the barn, and a sudden plunge upon the floor. His parents again found him with sound body, and stunned for the moment only. Years after, when he was studying his profession, most severe sickness came upon him in the form of erysipelas. An experienced physician, in whose house he boarded, was also very ill with the same disease. Many physicians proffered their services to both. The old physician died, but the young student refused to take the mercury ordered in his case, and recovered, notwithstanding the many fears of his friends. In crossing the Platte River, on his route overland to California, death looked him in the face. The Platte is very swift water, and drowning among the emigrants was very frequent. Never had any one been known to regain the shore who had been drawn into its swiftest current. Doctor was at that time travelling with two other men, and, as usual, he went into the water first to find the ford. He found the water too deep at the first trial; then went in fourth of a mile above; that also being too deep, he attempted to turn about to regain the shore. "Old Charley," his favorite horse, struggled to reach it, but Dr. R. was unseated, and for a time kept himself from sinking by holding on to the pommel of the saddle. The plunges of the horse, however, were so great that at length he was obliged to loosen his hold. The horse reached the shore, and Dr. R., by extraordinary exertions, gained an island in the middle of the river, and a quarter of a mile below where he went into it. "Old Charley," seeing his struggles in the water, gave a loud neigh upon the shore and struck out after him. He reached the island a few moments after Dr. R., and as he lay exhausted on the bank, the horse stood with his head down over him, and waited until he was ready to ride him to the further shore. "Old Charley" was afterwards killed in the riot at Sacramento. About two weeks after Dr. R.'s arrival in California he was taken very ill. His sickness increased, until the few friends who ministered to his failing wants gathered around his hammock to watch the parting spirit. Physicians said he could live only an hour, and to him death seemed near; "one moment more," he wrote, "and I thought my spirit would be free, and I would see you all in dear New England." He refused the further aid of physicians and soon began to rally. When he was shot afterwards in Sacramento, twelve physicians said there was no hope of life. There was no pulse at the wrist. The coroner even came, and with excuses for the haste on the ground of great press of business, took his age and place of residence in the States. The 14th of August, 1850, was the day when the Mayor and Sheriff of Sacramento made this attack upon fourteen settlers, and Dr. R. received a bullet in his body an inch and a half below his heart. It lodged against the spine and was afterwards taken out. When he rallied a little he was taken on a cot bed to the prison-ship lying one-fourth of a mile out upon the river. Without blanket, notwithstanding the coolness of the nights, he was put into the hull of the ship and locked in without attendant or even a cup of water. His door was not opened until nine o'clock the next day, ample time being thus given for him to die alone. When, however, his keeper looked in, although he had suffered severely from his wound and the cold, he was feeling sure of his recovery. After taking his seat in the Assembly, most prostrating sickness came again, producing such a change in his appearance that in a week's time his most familiar friends afterwards said they had not the faintest hope of his recovery. On the night of the 4th of July, 1851, two days out from San Francisco, he was wrecked on a barren, sandy coast. The rocks were very high and leaned over the water, being worn by the constant dashing of the heavy surf; but just opposite the wreck a little ravine ran down to the shore, and by lashing themselves in the small boats the passengers and crew were borne out to it on the rolling surf. There was not a tree or green thing anywhere, only sand-hills, and no sign of human life. A fortnight passed away and they knew not where they were—whether on an island or on the mainland—when a party of Spaniards came in sight and seemed like good angels to them that with their loud shouts they at first frightened them. They found from them they were forty miles below San Diego, and by going there they took another steamer homewards."

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

By the arrival of the steamer Indian at Quebec, September 23, we have European news to the 10th of September, four days later than the advice received by the Asia. In a commercial point of view the intelligence is interesting. Cotton continued firm, with a steady market at previous quotations. Favorable accounts from the agricultural districts had caused a general decline in breadstuffs, and flour is quoted from one to two shillings per barrel lower. The money market remained unchanged. Consols for money closed at 94%. The political news is unimportant. The reported suppression of the outbreak at Naples is confirmed, and a rumor prevailed that England and France would suspend diplomatic relations with Sicily.

The arrival of the Canada at Halifax, the Kangaroo at Philadelphia, and the Washington at this port, (all of them Sept. 24th,) places us in possession of one week's later advices from Europe. On the 11th of Sept. the Emperor Alexander was crowned at Moscow with extraordinary pomp and magnificence. At Biarritz, it is said, there has been a political conclave, where the subjects discussed have been of more than ordinary interest. The coolness which was springing up between England and France is reported to have entirely given place to a *panache* more warlike than the first. Two secret diplomats from Lord Palmerston had been closeted for a week with the emperor, and the result is that the dissolution of the Cortes by O'Donnell is to be supported, if necessary, by an armed intervention on the part of France, England *non invita*. To balance this, France has agreed to wink at English interference in Naples, where she is about to send an ambassador, whose mission is to be supported by a powerful fleet in the Bay of Naples. Such were the rumors current at the last dates in political circles in Paris. The court was not expected to return from Biarritz until the first of next month. There are reports of an exchange of colonies between France and England. The former is to give up her establishments on the mainland of India, receiving as a consideration the fertile island of Mauritius. It was said that the Peace Congress of Paris would re-assemble soon, in order to settle the question of the future rule of the Danubian Principalities, and that the affairs of Switzerland would then be considered by the diplomats. Berlin letters state that France has pronounced in favor of the capitalization of the Danish Sound dues. The merchants of Marseilles were about to agitate for a repeal of the corn laws. In Spain, the O'Donnell Cabinet possessed the full confidence of Queen Isabella, and it was thought that the Queen Mother would soon return to Madrid. The resignation of the Spanish Minister at Washington had been accepted. Austria was about to interfere in the contest between Prince Daniels and the Turks. One of the boats of the unfortunate ship Ocean Home had been picked up at sea, and the second mate, two seamen and one passenger rescued. The United States steamer Arctic sailed from Queenstown Sept. 11th for St. John, N. B. She would continue the soundings of the Atlantic on her homeward passage. There had been a stringent money market, and consols are quoted at 93% a 93%. Cotton had fluctuated, but closed firm without change in prices. The decline in breadstuffs reported by the steamer Indian had not been recovered.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

By the arrival of the bark Cadet, Captain Guide, we have advices from British Honduras, dated Truxillo on 15th, and at Belize on the 27th of August. Our correspondent at Belize announces the fact that the British colony of the Bay Islands had virtually ceased to exist, and that the Mosquito King had been informed by the officers of her Britannic Majesty's ship Cossack of the termination of the English protectorate, and consequently the end of his rule. The writer does not state what effect the news had on his Majesty. The islands would be transferred to the republic of Honduras. The announcement of the Walker blockade decree had caused much sensation. Owing to the non-arrest of the incendiaries who fired the town of Belize, the inhabitants were in great terror, and a sort of general panic prevailed. A severe earthquake shock was experienced there on the 6th August. It was also very violent and long continued at Omoa. The weather was very warm at Belize. Trade was exceedingly dull. The people were much in favor of American colonization. From

Truxillo we hear that the American miners were determined to continue their explorations, notwithstanding the opposition of a prejudiced population.

WEST INDIES.

Havana dates to the 13th September contain some important news concerning the delicate state of the international relations existing between England and the republic of Mexico. The British steamer Tartar had arrived at Havana on a cruise to the West Indian ports, in order to collect a large number of other war vessels, when all would proceed to the Mexican coast to enforce the payment of certain claims said to be due by the republic to subjects of the British crown. It was reported that if the demands were not quickly satisfied, a strict blockade of the chief ports of Mexico would be commenced at once, and that Mr. Doyle, English Minister at Mexico, had already demanded his passports. General Concha had returned to Havana from his trip to Nuevitas. He was well received by all classes on the route. Nothing had leaked out relative to the executive deliberations respecting the San Domingo affairs. The health of Havanas had improved. A Spaniard, when in a fit of jealousy, had murdered most of the members of a family. We have accounts of the spirited, but fruitless effort made by Chauncey and Winn, the American seamen, to escape from their confinement on the Isle of Pines. They were re-arrested and returned to prison, after wandering for forty-three days through swamps and woods. When they did meet with any people they expressed much sympathy for the poor men and fed them, although running the risk of punishment for so doing. Of the men who composed the crew of the slaver on which Chauncey and Winn served, the Americans were the only ones brought to trial by the Spanish officials. The attempt of a rich planter to marry his housekeeper, and the fact of her deportation from the island through the efforts of his son, afforded a treat to the scandal-mongers. We have reports of more robberies and murderous attempts.

NAVY.

The United States steam-frigate Wabash is still lying off the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and daily receives a large concourse of visitors. The Niagara will soon be ready for sea.

The United States surveying schooner Varina, Lieutenant-Commanding Duer, has left the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and been taken on a sectional dock in this city, for the purpose of undergoing some necessary repairs, before departing upon her southern cruise this Autumn.

The United States frigate Jamestown was at Teneriffe, August 25th. The United States sloop-of-war Germantown sailed from Montevideo, July 26th, for Rio Janeiro. The United States frigate Savannah, May 3rd, all well.

The United States sloop-of-war Cyane, Commander Robb, arrived at Halifax Sept. 16th, from Eastport, bound to the coast of Newfoundland. She saluted the town with twenty-one guns, which compliment was returned, gun for gun, from the battery at the citadel. She also saluted H. B. M. ship Boscombe, Admiral Fanshawe, with thirteen guns, which was promptly returned.

The United States sloop-of-war Germantown, Commander Lynch, arrived at Rio on the 8th of August, from Montevideo.

Secretary Dobbins writes from North Carolina that he is "comfortable and stronger," and that his health, so delicate when he left the city a few weeks ago, is improving.

OBITUARY.

LORENZO B. SHEPARD.—The sudden death of this gentleman on the 21st of September, created a wide-spread excitement in our community. We have been promised a portrait of the deceased for our next issue, which will appear with a carefully prepared biographical sketch.

The City Inspector's report of the mortality in the city during the past week shows a decrease of fifteen as compared with the week previous, the total number of deaths being 461. Diseases incidental to the season have been less.

MUSIC.

GERMAN OPERA AT NIBLO'S.—Flotow's charming opera of "Stradella" has been produced by the German opera company whose performances we noticed last week. The shortcomings of the company are, of course, less observable in this opera than in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diabol," for it is of a light character, and does not, consequently, very much overtax the capacity of the singers. We are able to report that the performance of "Stradella" was much more kindly received than the rendition of "Robert" on the first and second nights. The attendance since the opening night has not been very flattering to the attractive powers of the artists, but the appearance of a new tenor, (at least to German opera,) Signor Guidi, next week, will give a little more spirit to the affair, and as the bad impression of the first nights dies out, the people will again crowd in to hear the light and charming operas within the capacity of the company to render. The chorus sung well and spiritedly, and the orchestra did ample justice to Flotow's partition.

MADAME DE WILHORST'S CONCERT.—Much as we should desire to give a detailed account of the first appearance of Madame de Wilhorst (née Cora Withers) the press of operatic matter compels us to condense our remarks into a few brief lines, simply chronicling her entire success—success which was won by merit alone, and owes nothing to partisan flattery or friendly applause. It was in short a success of which an artist might be proud. This talented and charming lady will give a second concert next week, when we shall take the opportunity of speaking of her merits in full. The artists who assisted her were very acceptable to the brilliant audience which greeted the debut of Madame de Wilhorst.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We understand that Mr. Theodore Eisfeld has been elected the conductor of this popular and excellent society. The announcement of this fact will be received by the numerous subscribers of the Philharmonic Society with much pleasure, for Mr. Eisfeld has done much for their gratification, and has gained and merits their esteem. We congratulate him upon his restoration to the position he held so long and so creditably.

THE DRAMA.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The revival of the old sterling comedies has been a fortunate hit, or rather a politer stroke of management. The regular play-goers of New York have been so accustomed to witness the performance of these comedies in such perfection during the past few years that they look for them in the regular season as a natural course of events, and we much doubt if any class of performance, however excellent, would be received as a substitute. At any rate, their production at this season of great theatrical and operatic excitement, has attracted brilliant audiences, equal in character and numbers to the most fashionable nights of the past seasons. The comedies have been very strongly cast; indeed, for comedy purposes, the company under the management of Mr. Stuart is the most complete and perfect in the city—in the country. In proof of this we simply quote the following names: Mr. Blake, Mr. J. W. Lester, Mr. Dyot, Mr. Walcott, Mr. George Holland, Mr. Burnett, Mr. Soheron, Mr. H. B. Phillips and Mr. Reynolds; Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Vernon and Miss Mary Gannon. In their peculiar lines where can they be beat or equalled? and what can such a combination of talent be but admirable in the largest meaning of the word.

We find by a letter from Mr. James Wallack to the papers that he is not only not sick, but that he never was better in his life, and while he acknowledges he is going South, he says it is not for the benefit of his health, but to play a series of engagements in the principal cities. This will be pleasant news to the thousands who take lively interest in the health and welfare of the veteran of the stage. But we learn another item of news from his letter, which will be gratifying to our whole play-going public, and that is, that he will appear and play a round of characters at Wallack's theatre previous to his departure for the South. This will be a gala time for the theatre, and we congratulate Mr. Stuart for effecting this desirable engagement so early in the season.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday are the Ravel nights, and our readers will do well to remember this announcement, lest they should start with a wild-goose chase, and meet with the consequent disappointment. The new and beautiful romantic fairy pantomime of "Blanche, or the Rival Fairies," continues to attract crowded and brilliant audiences. A brief statement of the plot of the piece may not be uninteresting.

"Blanche" is in love with Prince Faithful, to whom her cruel maternal parent, Queen of the Fairies, objects; she being determined to have King Topsy for a son-in-law. Blanche, however, treats him with disdain, and positively refuses to marry him. The mother and the King become terribly enraged, and the Prince, with awful temerity, emerges from his place of concealment and defends the maiden. The King seizes him, and takes his punishment on himself, and the mother of Blanche commits her daughter to the winds and waves in a frail vessel. She, however, meets with a protecting fairy, and the persecutions of the lovers commence, and are continued throughout eleven scenes, during which all sorts of changes, transformations, mysterious disappearances and appearances take place, greatly to the enjoyment of the audience. The lovers are at length rewarded for their trials, and the whole concludes with a grand ballet and aerial flight of the fairies, with a grand panoramic effect and final tableaux."

We can recommend this clever and beautiful pantomime to our readers, for it is not only beautiful, gorgeous, and elegant, but it is highly interesting from the admirable acting of the Ravels, and their excellent troupe. Madeline Rober and the young Hengler still present their excellent entertainments.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—The talented little comedians, the Wood and Marsh

Children, have played to crowded audiences every evening this week. The pieces performed were the "Pots of the Public" and the "Serious Family." These pieces have been performed every evening, and we hardly need say it, to the entire satisfaction and infinite delight of the spectators. Some faint imitations of these clever little artists have been attempted, but the absurdity was manifest. It is easy to collect a parcel of children together, but it is not so easy to make them act like the Marsh Children! There will be a change of performances next week, and the selection will, doubtless, give the usual gratification.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—This establishment has been largely attended during the past week. Among the most prominent attractions are Mr. and Mrs. E. Davenport and the recent importation from London, the clever actress Miss Polly Marshall.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADES.—The new hall of this clever company of serenaders continues to be crowded nightly, and the entertainments, we are bound to confess, are well worthy of this large and liberal patronage. The series of burlesques which they have produced has proved a mine of wealth to the company; it has served as a relief to the monotony of the usual "minstrelsy," which, by the contrast, is relished more keenly than ever. The last of their successes in this line was the production of a burlesque upon Wallace's celebrated opera, "Maritana." It is cunningly done; some of the singing in it is really admirable, and there is an abundance of fun and material to laugh at. Our readers should not miss the opportunity of seeing this capital burlesque.

We find the following relative to the Broadway theatre. "We are informed that an arrangement has been made by which the entire south wall of the Broadway theatre will be rebuilt, at the expense of Messrs. Bowen and McNamee, whose excavations on the adjoining lot caused the fall of part of the theatre wall, as stated some time since. The new wall will be two feet thick, and will be further strengthened by substantial piers. The present arrangement is made between the heirs of James Raymond, the owners of the theatre, and Messrs. Bowen and McNamee. Mr. Marshall, the lessee, consented to it, in order to save the property from further jeopardy; but he has made no compromise with Bowen and McNamee, and considers that he has been damaged at their hands to the extent of twenty thousand dollars at least. A large number of Mr. Marshall's employees are now under pay, and the wall will not be finished until the 1st of November, when the house will be opened for the regular season."

CHAMBERS STREET THEATRE.—This establishment has been opened by Mr. Eddy. Thus far it has been very successful indeed.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

NEW ORLEANS.—The *Picayune* says: M. Boudousquier, of the French theatre, has visited Paris himself this season, and has engaged the following performers, who, we are informed, are to leave Havre on the 10th Sept., in the ship Guttemburg. M. Moulin, first tenor, for grand opera, succeeding M. Duluc. M. Martin, baritone, succeeding M. Crambre. M. Gullot, first basso for grand opera, and second basso for comic opera, succeeding M. Graat. Madille. Bourgeoia, prima donna, mezzo soprano, succeeding Mme. Cambier. Mme. Latouche, *chanteuse légère* (or light singer for comic and grand opera) and *dugazon*. Mme. Gullot, *dugazon*. M. Lacroix, leading comedian, succeeding M. Gustave. M. Deligne, second comedian, succeeding M. Chel. Mme. Berger Lacroix, leading lady, succeeding Madille. Darmont. The chorists will also receive an addition to their number in seven male and female performers. M. Boudousquier was at last dates still in search of a prima donna soprano and a first light tenor. With these his opera troupe will be one of the most complete ever had in this country, and as he has hitherto shown a most laudable liberality and enterprise in securing artists of a superior class no matter at what cost, doubtless the new comers will be very desirable additions to our operatic and dramatic circles. Among them we notice the name of Mme. Latouche, a younger sister of our favorite, Mme. Colson. She is spoken of as a very charming singer. She could not well be otherwise; and as Mme. Colson remains with us, too, next season, it will be quite pleasing to witness the exhibition of the fine talent of these sisters on the same boards. M. Delgrave and M. Junca, first tenor and first basso, will also resume their respective parts, much to the pleasure of the admirers of artistic singing. The accommodations of the Orleans will be enlarged this season by the addition of six stage boxes—three on either side—two below in a line with the present lower latticed boxes, and four above, fitted up with a private saloon to each, and otherwise handsomely arranged. As the last business season was so prosperous, and the present one promises to be not far behindhand in that respect, we may reasonably anticipate for all our theatres a brilliant and satisfactory course of entertainment and patronage, and among them none will be more deserving of the meed of praise and substantial rewards than the "Orleans."

PHILADELPHIA.—Miss Davenport completed the third week of her engagement on Saturday. She had a benefit on Friday, and produced a new play, "Mona Lisa, or Da Vinci's Masterpiece," adapted from the French, by an American gentleman, expressly for her. The "Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Arch, and "Uncle Tom" at the National, are still running to full houses. The first dramatic copyright in Philadelphia, under the new law for the protection of dramatic authors, was taken out on Saturday for a five-act comedy, called "Law and Fashion," by the author, Mr. T. H. Elliott, a gentleman connected with the *Ledger*.

BOSTON.—Chamfrau and Miss Albertine have produced, at the Howard Atheneum, "Rose; or, the Career of an Actress," said to be a copy of "The Life of an Actress," recently played here. Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett succeed Chamfrau, opening to-night. W. Marshall has been playing "Zafari" at the National, which has a good company, and is said to be doing a fine business. Miss E. Logan is still at the Museum. Mr. Barry gave a "Tribute to Franklin," at the Boston theatre, on the night of the great procession. **TROY.**—Miss Kimberly has been playing at the Adelphi. **DETROIT.**—Miss C. Weeks and Mr. and Miss Macarthy were stars here last week. **BALTIMORE.**—Miss Laura Keene, G. Jordan, and others of her company, opened at the Holiday street theatre on Monday to a crowded house, and have played there during the week. Parodi, Tiberini and Strakoch gave a concert here on the 19th. **RICHMOND, VA.**—The Marshall theatre, under J. T. Ford's management, is now open. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Davenport (Lizzie Weston) were the stars last week. **OSSWEGO.**—Mrs. Hough and Mr. Glenn have been playing here, and were succeeded by Mr. Neafe. **CINCINNATI.**—Mrs. Farren is at the National. **CHICAGO.**—Mr. and Mrs. Florence concluded a successful engagement of four weeks here on Saturday last. St. LOUIS.—Miss Heron, at the St. Louis theatre, and Mr. and Mrs. Richings, at the People's, have been the attractions here of late. The celebrated German composer, Lindpainter, is dead. He died on the 21st of August. Peter Joseph Lindpainter was born at Coblenz, in 1791. He wrote his first grand opera, "Demophoen," when he was but eighteen years of age, when he also composed a mass and a *Te Deum*, all of which met with success. Among his numerous musical works the best known are the operas of "The Vampire," the "Amazons," the "Rosenmadchen," the "Genuese," and the "Sicilian Vespers;" also the ballets "Aglaja," "Cela," and "Jocko," and the oratorio of the "Youth of Nain." None of his operatic works, however, created much favor away from home; his songs and instrumental works, however, were universally popular. They have just inaugurated a new Music Hall at Birmingham, England. Clara Novello assisted. Piccolomini and other artists are in the provinces. Thalberg, the pianist, was about to leave Paris for the United States at the last accounts. His piano has preceded him. Miss Lucy Scott (Mrs. Eastcott) has closed at Manchester, after twenty-four representations of English opera. Manvers, once of the Seguin troupe, was the tenor.

M. Meyerbeer has arrived in Paris, in order to be present at the *début* of Mme. Borghi Mamo, in the "Prophète."—According to the *Pirata*, Mme. Tedesco, who is at Bergamo, has not had the success which was expected in "La Favorite." Mongini is much praised for his singing in the tenor.—M. Verdi has also arrived in Paris; it is stated that he demands 20,000 francs from the director of the Italian Opera for his permission to perform "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata!"—Miss Marian, styled the "American Enchantress," is exhibiting in Liverpool.—Accounts from Australia inform us that Madame Anna Bishop appeared at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on the 9th of June. She was getting up a series of Italian operas. The Queen's theatre opened on the same night, with Mrs. Brougham as stage directress.—Kean has produced "Pizarro" in splendid style at Princess's, and some novelties have been done at the Haymarket for Miss Reynolds.

MISS MARTINEAU.—The medical attendant of Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, writes to the *Derwentwater Journal*:

"In a paragraph which appears in your paper of yesterday, it is stated that Miss Martineau, the celebrated authoress, had lately visited Cockermouth. As it is evidently meant to refer to Mrs. H. Martineau, of the Knoll, who has been unable, in consequence of severe illness, to go beyond the porch of her house during the last fifteen months, I will thank you to contradict the report in your next publication. Her increasing infirmity makes it desirable that she should not be disturbed by the visits of strangers, who are misled by your report to suppose that her health has been restored."

BRUTAL AND FATAL PRIZE FIGHT.—A prize fight took place in Jersey, near the Palisades, last week, and ended most tragically for one of the parties. The principals were Kelly and Lynch, two bullies notorious among the "fancy." Kelly has died since the fight. Lynch has disappeared, and all the leading pugilists who were present and assisted at the brutal exhibition have found it convenient to leave town very suddenly. It appears that Kelly was beating Lynch, when he fell heavily, and hurt his head so much that he was unable to come to time, and therefore lost the fight, which lasted two hours and fifteen minutes. Kelly was brought to the city, and entered the Bellevue hospital under the name of John Williams, and died of his injuries. The getters-up of this disgraceful affair were soon apprised of this fact, and fled the city to escape the law.

STATEN ISLAND RAILROAD.—This work, the grading of which was commenced at the west end of the island, opposite Aubrey, has been completed to New Dorp lane, a distance of seven miles. From that point the route has been located, and the surveys, plans and maps finished and filed in the County Clerk's office. The ground selected is about a quarter of a mile south of the plank road, till it strikes the lands of C. Vanderbilt and W. B. Townsend and others, and reaches the extensive dock of W. B. Townsend at Clifton, where the depot is to be built, and the ferry established to this city. The entire length of the road is about fourteen miles.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

The real estate of Boston, this year, amounts to \$148,574,300, and that of New York to \$340,971,498. The increase in Boston in one year is \$7,228,000; in New York, \$3,932,972. The personal estate in Boston this year is estimated at \$105,146,800; in New York, \$172,967,782. The decrease in Boston in the year was \$434,100; the increase in New York, \$22,945,460.

According to the Belgian papers, 500,000 quarts of beer were drunk in the beershops of Brussels during the late fêtes. One of the latter, called Le Petit Paris, alone sold 20,000 quarts, and three pumps were kept working day and night.

The Dog Pound was closed, Sept. 13th, the appropriation being exhausted. Seventy-six dogs were received on the last day, and 300 during the week. The number of dogs received from June 26th to Sept. 18th, was 5,345, of which were drowned 4,807, and redeemed 544.

H. John Thompson, of Smith county, Va., went to California when the gold fever first broke out, but after two years' hard work, without any success, he returned, having previously invested a small sum in land. "A few days ago," says the Abingdon *Virginian*, "he received information that his land is in the heart of the richest gold region yet discovered, and is valued at \$300,000."

In Jewett & Co.'s window, says the *Boston Post*, is a portrait of a beautiful young lady, with this inscription: "One of thirty-six executed at the Mt. Vernon Ladies' School."

The New York State Fair will be held at Watertown, to commence on the 30th September, and continue till the 4th of October. The Delaware State Fair will commence at Wilmington, September 30th.

The royal train which conveyed Queen Victoria and suite to Scotland must have been a very elaborate affair. The following was its arrangement: Engine and tender; break van; first class carriage for servants; first class carriage for pages and attendants; family carriage for ladies of the suite; royal carriage for the princesses; the royal saloon; royal carriage for the prince; family carriage for gentlemen of the suite; first class carriage for directors; carriage truck, with the queen's fourgon; carriage truck, with dresser's carriage, and a break van.

In these days of duelling, the following may not be amiss: Two officers having asked King Gustavus' permission to fight a duel, he consented, and having intimated to them his intention of witnessing the combat, at the appointed hour he appeared on the ground. Then, turning to the officers who were about to engage, he said, "Now, gentlemen, sight—fight till one of you fall. And I have brought the provost marshal with me to behead the survivor." It is remarkable how suddenly the gentlemen discovered they could reconcile their differences without fighting.

The Boston *Transcript* says that on Monday, in the Board of Aldermen, a petition was received from John S. Rock, G. M. Salter, Lewis Hayden, Coffin Pitts, Seth Dobbs, Samuel Shephy, and other colored citizens, praying that the word "colored," which now stands against their names on the voting lists and tax bills, may be removed, and that they may stand fair on the record as any of their white fellow citizens. The petition was opposed by Alderman Plummer, who held that the designation was necessary, on account of there being many white and colored men of the same name, and without some mark no one could tell which was which. The petition was tabled.

The *Intelligencer* drops its neutrality and supports Fillmore for President, on the ground of the action of the Whig National Convention.

There have been several destructive conflagrations recently. Sept. 22nd, at Macon, Ga., the building occupied by the Marine and Mechanics' Banks, the old Washington Hall, and all the other buildings on the North side of the Washington Hall block, except that occupied by the Bank of Middle Georgia and a singular wood building, was consumed. In East Boston, Mass., the Suffolk Steam Flour Mills, with a heavy stock of flour and grain, were burned to the ground, and several firemen injured by the falling walls. The insurance covered the loss.

Extensive and destructive fires have been for some days in Weyland, Addison, Bath and other towns in Steuben, in this State. Forests, fences, barns and dwellings have been destroyed, and in some instances the inhabitants have escaped with difficulty. On Thursday of last week, in Dansville, the smoke from these fires was so dense, that it produced almost midnight darkness. The loss of property by these conflagrations must be very great.

We have intelligence of the loss of the English West India mail steamer Tay, near Lopez Island, on the 30th of August. The passengers, crew, and mail were saved.

The Secretary of the Treasury has remitted the forfeiture of the ship, Good Hope, which was condemned for having the goods of Madame Rondeau on board. The owners are to pay the costs.

Mr. Peabody declines the public dinner tendered to him by a large number of merchants and bankers of this city. He says he can accept no such invitations except at his native town, Danvers, Mass.

Don Vicente Hernandez de Ayala, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the Republic of Venezuela and Granada, etc., etc., has been arrested at Mobile, charged with forgery and swindling. After his arrest he made an attempt to swallow forged drafts to the amount of six thousand dollars, but was prevented.

More than one thousand dollars in cash have been already subscribed in this city for the relief of the cholera stricken people of Madeira, and the list is still open.

The principal literary papers of London give only "faint praise" to Mrs. Stowe's new book. They complain that it is too didactic for a work of fiction.

A large meeting of citizens of Concord, N. H., adopted a resolution, of four to one, that it is inexpedient to tender President Pierce a public reception on his coming visit to that city.

The great boat race between the St. John and New York Clubs, for \$1,000 aside, came off, according to programme, on the Charles river, at Boston, Sept. 10, and the contest resulted in the defeat of the New Yorkers. The distance rowed—six miles—was performed by the winning boat in forty-two minutes, the New York boat losing by about one minute. During the race the wind blew with great violence, accompanied by a driving rain, to which unfavorable circumstances the defeat of the New Yorkers was mainly attributed.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* predicts that if James Buchanan is elected President of the United States, he will be prevented from taking possession of the White House. If J. C. Fremont is elected President of the United States, he will be assassinated.

Hon. George S. Hillard has consented to act as Treasurer for the funds to be collected for the purpose of erecting an equestrian statue of Washington on the Boston Common. Crawford will commence the work as soon as a sufficient sum is subscribed.

The first dramatic copyright in Philadelphia, under the new law for the protection of dramatic authors, was taken out for a five-act comedy, called "Law and Fashion," by the author, Mr. Thomas H. Elliott, a young gentleman connected with the *Ledger*.

M. de Lamartine, who for some time has been in Macon, France, where he is suffering from rheumatism, has received from the Emperor of Brazil one hundred thousand francs, as payment of five thousand subscriptions to his "Familiar Course of Literature."

A piece of the "nose" of Mansfield mountain, Vermont, computed to weigh 1,000 tons, fell on Thursday, the 21st of August. A few moments before this occurrence, Mr. White, of Burlington, with his wife and daughter, had been standing upon it.

The National Kansas Committee have received Gerrit Smith's check for \$4,000, in aid of Kansas. This makes \$9000 which have been received from the same source.

One hundred and fifty of the newly invented ballot boxes have been ordered by the city of San Francisco. No more "stuffing."

Hon. Anson Burlingame and Wm. Curtis Noyes addressed the Republicans at Union square, N. Y., Sept. 24.

Mr. Banks addressed the merchants in Wall street, on Thursday, Sept. 24.

A paper published in British India, publishes a letter from a person at Kurache, who says that he is determined to export 120,000 salted rats to China. The Chinese eat rats and he thinks they may sell. He says he has to pay one pice a dozen, and the salting, gutting, pressing, and packing in casks, raises the price to six pice a dozen, and if he should succeed in obtaining anything like the price that rules in Whampoa and Canton for corn grown rats, his fortune will be made.

STEAM ON THE RED SEA.—The Viceroy of Egypt has determined to establish steam communication between various points on the shores of the Red Sea, and has chartered a steam navigation company, with a capital of ten millions, of which the government will furnish three millions. The enterprise will be under the direction of Mustapha Bey, the nephew of the Viceroy.

MORE SCHOOL MARMS FOR THE WEST.—Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, went through Springfield last week, with another detachment of his army of female school teachers to invade the ignorance of the West. There were twenty-five in this company, going to Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Iowa, and they swell the total who have thus gone out under Governor Slade's auspices to 460. It would be interesting to know how many of these have before this left off teaching other people's children and gone to raising some of their own.

An advertisement in a Boston paper lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applicants. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with 409 responses.

NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

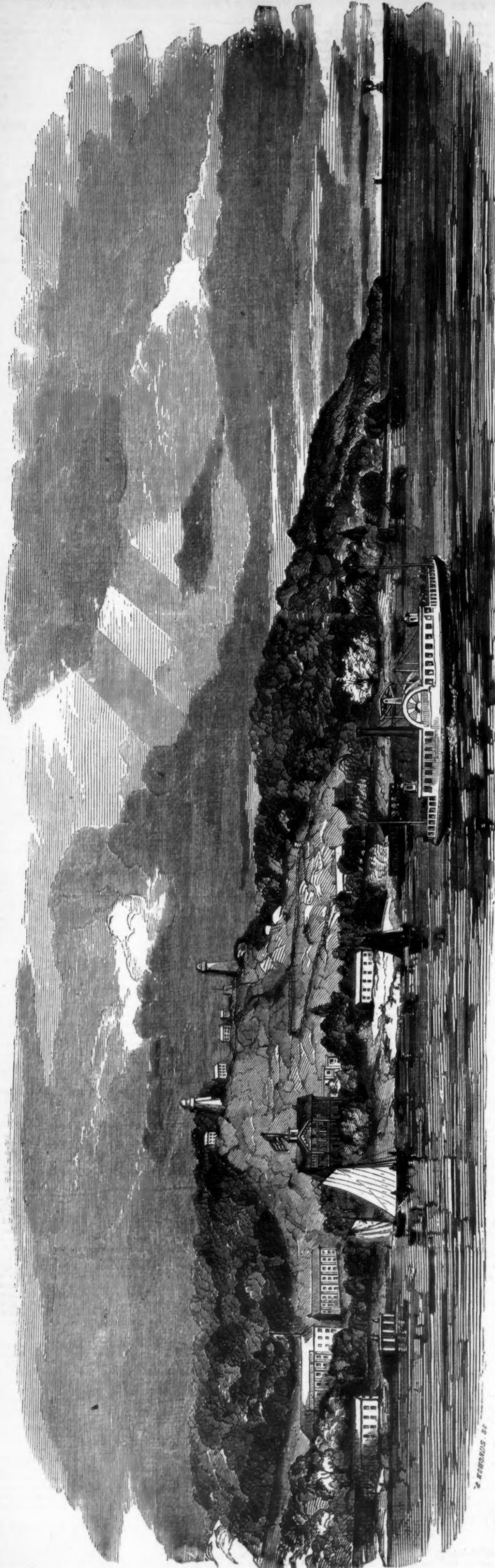
REFINING METALS.—The operation of refining metals, at the government assay office, is one of the most interesting in mechanic manipulation. The metal is first weighed; then it is melted and weighed again, losing through the influence of the heat about one-tenth of an ounce in every thousand. At various stages of the refining process its actual weight is compared with the standard, and every precaution taken against dishonesty in the workman. At stated periods the pokers and pots, and the iron platforms which cover the stone floors—built expressly to catch the particles of dust—and even the working clothes of the operators, are melted up together, and whatever gold or silver has adhered to them is separated from them by the refining process.

REVELATIONS OF THE MODERN TELESCOPE.—The most perfect construction of the modern telescope has revealed the fact that the light clouds, called "nebulae," are some of them at least, clouds of stars. Sir William Herschel was able to discern stars without number in some of them, and, since his time, as grander and yet grander instruments have been brought into operation, more and more clouds have put off their nebulous features, and have assumed the glories of sidereal bodies. Scarcely any of the nebulae, indeed, known before the commencement of Lord Rosse's observations, have resisted the resolute might of the giant telescopic eye that he has framed; firmament after firmament has revealed itself to the penetrating glance of his great mirror. And in this way has been gradually matured the idea that there are in the wide universe countless myriads of firmamental star-clusters, which are themselves severally, what the cluster is that is seen by the naked eye at night.

THE ELECTROTYPE PROCESS.—In the electrotyping process—which has so extensively superseded stereotyping—the surface of wax is prepared, into which the form or page of type is impressed, leaving a perfect intaglio mould. This mould is powdered with plumbago, to give the wax a metallic coating, and then hung in the bath of a galvanic battery. The wax mould remains in a chemical solution until a thin copper shell, which is an accurate reproduction of the mould, is formed by gradual deposits upon the plumbago surface. The trill copper plate is then stiffened by soldering the back of it with tin to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch. Into this mould the liquid metal which is to form the final plate is poured. After it has filled every interstice and there solidified, it is lifted out of the mould and presents a relieved surface, with every letter clearly defined.

THE ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH.—An objection to the principle of operation characterizing the proposed atmospheric telegraph was recently brought forward, viz: if seven tons of malleable matter move at the rate of seven hundred feet per second, how is it possible to stop it when it arrives at its place of destination? In answer to this, the inventor says that the air contained in the last mile of the tube—at the end of its destination—will be employed as an elastic buffer, to resist and overcome the momentum of the load. This compressed air will be allowed to escape, however, through a safety-valve, under a weight of forty pounds per square inch, which amount of resistance against the plunger will very nearly overcome the said momentum, and after the load has passed the safety-valve—which will be located a few feet from the end—the escape of air will be restricted to a small aperture, by which

[Oct. 4, 1856.]



HIGHLANDS OF NEVESINK, NEW JERSEY.

NEVESINK Hills extend north, west and south-east from Sandy Hook to Raritan Bay. Mount Mitchell, the highest elevation, is 282 feet above the level of the sea. There are two lights on the Highlands, about one hundred feet apart; the southern one, on the Fresnel plan, revolves, and is without doubt the best on the coast of the United States. It is about ten miles from the Sea View House to the point of Sandy Hook, and about twenty-five miles to the city of New York. Shrewsbury river, a pleasant little stream, runs by the Highlands from Raritan bay, and has a fine sand beach lying between it and the ocean, affording a grand place for summer bathing. This place is the scene of Cooper's "Water Witch." The following is a *verbatim* copy of the contract for the first steamer that was built to run to Shrewsbury.

"We hereby unite, Hunt, Parmelee and White,
To build for the good of each giver,
A small steamboat, that always
will float,
On the shoals of the Shrewsbury
river."

There are several hotels and private residences on the Highlands; of the latter, Mr. Minton, one of our leading New York merchants, has a fine summer retreat. The eye of the outward-bound voyager lingers with deep interest on these hills when he bids his native land "Good night." They are always the last objects that recede from view as they are the first to greet the delighted vision of the home-bound mariner.

THREATENED INSURRECTION AMONG NEGROES IN COLUMBUS, TEXAS.—We learn, says the Houston *Telegraph*, from Mr. Hewes, of this city, that a plot was discovered to be on foot at that place, amongst some 400 negroes, to rise against the white population and murder and rob them. The negroes intended to commence their operations to-morrow, and would probably have completed their design, had not a slave belonging to a Mr. Toake informed his master of the fact. When Mr. H. left, a number of the negroes were in custody, and some two or three were to be hanged to-day. One was whipped so severely that he afterwards died. Two or three Mexicans were arrested, who were supposed to be instigators of the insurrection. The negroes had a large quantity of arms and ammunition secreted, and everything necessary to render themselves formidable.

THE LATE COTTON CROP.—The Charleston *Courier*, having received reports from all the cotton-receiving marts, has made up a final report of the cotton crop for the commercial year 1855-56. The total of the crop is 3,526,362 bales, and has been deduced from the addition of *exports* instead of from *receipts*, as has been the case hitherto; and great care has been taken by frequent revisions and examinations to insure correctness. The increase over 1855 is 678,746 bales.

AMERICAN RACERS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Ten Broeck has his horses Lecompte, Prior and Prioresse, now stabled at Newmarket. The report that they had been sent to the Curragh, in Ireland, was incorrect. Since Mr. Ten Broeck's arrival in England, he has been closely examining the English style of race-horses and racing; he hopes to give a good account of himself and his horses before returning to this country.

AMERICAN NOMINATIONS.—The Know-Nothings held their State Convention, September 23, at Rochester, and made their principal nominations for State officers. Erastus Brooks, as was anticipated, was selected as their candidate for Governor, and Lyman Odell for Lieutenant-Governor. The bolters from the recent North American Convention also met in the same city, and, after some preliminary action, went over bodily to the "regulars."

TON THUMB AND BARNUM.—A private letter from Paris says that M. Vattemare has received a letter from Barnum, in which the latter asks V.'s advice about the project of his bringing Tom Thumb to Europe again on a speculation, whether his autobiography has not injured any such speculation, etc. Vattemare replied that, on the contrary, he had now more reputation than ever, so much so, that he would, perhaps, make more money to allow Tom Thumb to exhibit him.

To PARENTS.—Instruct your children so that their good actions may make your name immortal.

THE ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

We learn from Paris, Sept. 1st, that after three weeks of faithful search, with the aid of the two sharpest detectives of London, and the employ of men, women and children without number, commissioners, servants, rascals, coachmen, etc., etc., and a vast amount of money, Maxwell at last traced Kearney to his sister's residence. Young Maxwell, who loves his sister fondly, and was more anxious to secure her than to do harm to her seducer, labored day and night in this object, never stopping for rain or mud, and frequently passing whole nights in the streets, watching and running from point to point. At last they found that Kearney was in the habit of going to Rouen, and here they soon traced him to the girl's residence, at a maison d'accoucheur, where he had put her immediately on arriving from New York. They obtained all the details of her situation without her knowing that she had been found, and finding that she was about to be confined, they thought it not prudent to give her alarm in that condition. They, therefore, waited (the policemen sleeping opposite and watching every movement) until a few days after her confinement, when the mother, who had come from New York and was waiting at London, and the brother, made their appearance. You can imagine what the meeting was to all parties. Maxwell will neither attack Kearney nor challenge him. The Maxwells are preparing to start back with the sister. The whole story of their accidental meeting at the ball of the Tuilleries, two years ago, where the girl got sick and Kearney took her home in his carriage, the way he afterwards protected the family (by the father's consent) in Italy, and their subsequent amours, would make quite a romance. Kearney has lived all the time in the rue Neuve St. Augustin, and Maxwell in the rue de la Madeleine, and each for two weeks past has known the other's residence.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN INDIA.

We have received a copy of Dr. O'Shaughnessy's first report on the operations of the electric telegraph department in India, from the 1st of February, 1855, to the 31st of January, 1856. The volume is so full of tabular statements, maps, and plans, that it is not very easy to describe it. The reason for not carrying the report farther back is given by Dr. O'Shaughnessy in the introductory letter—namely, that the reports and documents previously published by order of the House of Commons give sufficient information on the subject up to the time at which the report before us commences. The total number of despatches transmitted for the twelve months included in the report was 9,971, of which 8,533 were private, and 1,438 public service despatches. Of these, as might be expected, by far the greater part was between Bombay and Calcutta, and Bombay and Madras, showing that the commercial intelligence received by mail either from Europe or China is what gives the chief employment to the telegraph. Of the paid messages, no less than 2,804 were sent by native correspondents. The superintendent says—"I see every reason to conclude that the future income of the department will increase far beyond all our anticipations. While the European community are comparatively a very limited class, the native merchants, bankers, fundholders and gentry may be regarded as innumerable. The number of native correspondents is accordingly increasing daily. Not only do they use the lines for financial business, but on the most delicate and secret matters affecting family arrangements, betrothals, marriages and other domestic affairs, of which they treat with an absence of all disguise which is almost beyond belief." The receipts have averaged company's rupees 10,089 $\frac{1}{2}$ per month; of this the Calcutta office alone returns monthly company's rupees 4,433-12. The service despatches being estimated at the same rate. Dr. O'Shaughnessy thinks the whole value of the work done in the year is not less than two lacs of rupees. This is very encouraging, for there can be no doubt that when the whole line has acquired public confidence, by being found invariably punctual and accurate, the business will vastly increase. At the commencement of such a vast enterprise some failures and disappointments were unavoidable, but they have been fewer than might have been reasonably expected in a country liable to such severe storms, and where the lines have in many instances been carried through forests and across torrents. The Doctor expresses no small surprise that the Santals did not cut the line, as he says, "I believe such an escape has never occurred in any other country the scene of civil disturbances." The fact is that the Santals are utterly incapable of comprehending the use to which the line is applied, and probably regard it as an offering to the gods, which it would be impious and dangerous to meddle with. Terrible as are the thunder storms which prevail over nearly all India, the precautions taken to prevent injuries to the offices or persons employed have proved completely successful.—*Calcutta Englishman*, May 27.

HORRIBLE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN AFRICA.

REV. MR. BEACHMAN, a member of the "London Wesleyan Mission," has recently returned from a visit to Africa, and in the sketch of the social condition of the negroes inhabiting the Gold Coast and its vicinity, he furnishes a truly awful picture, thus:

Scarcely has one of their barbarous and bloody customs been abandoned, from the earliest period of which anything is known of them. They will even pave their court-yards, palaces, and even the streets or market-places of their villages or towns with the skulls of those butchered in the wars, at feasts, funerals, or as sacrifices to Bossum.

Still their wives and slaves are buried alive with their deceased husbands or masters. When Adahausen died, two hundred and eighty of his wives were butchered before the arrival of his successor, which put a stop to it, only to increase the flow of blood and the number of deaths in other ways. The remaining living wives were buried alive, amid dancing, singing and bewailing, the noise of muskets, horns, drums, yell, groans and screeches—the women marching by headless trunks, bedaubing themselves with mud and blood. Their victims were marched along with large knives passed through their cheeks. The executioners struggle for the bloody office, while the victims look on and endure with apathy. They were too familiar with the horrid sacrifice to show terror, or to imagine that all was not as it should be. Their hands were chopped off, and then their legs sawed off, and then their heads sawed off, to prolong the amusement. Even some who assisted to fill the graves were then hustled in alive, in order to add to the sport or solemnity of the scene. Upon the death of the king's brother, four thousand victims were thus sacrificed. These ceremonies are often repeated, and hundreds slaughtered at every rehearsal. Upon the death of a king of Ashantee, a general massacre takes place, in which there can be no computation of the many victims.

At their Yam customs, Mr. Bowditch witnessed spectacles of the most appalling kind. Every cabocer, or noble, sacrificed a slave as he entered the gate. Heads and skulls formed the ornaments in their possession. Hundreds were slain; the streaming and teeming blood of the victims was mingled in one vast brass pan, with various vegetables and animal matter, fresh and putrid, to compose a powerful Fetiche. At these customs the same scenes of butchery and slaughter occur. The king's executioners traverse the city, killing all they meet. The next day desolation reigns over the land. The king, during the bloody saturnalia, looked on eagerly and danced in his chair with delight.

The King of Dahomey paves the approaches to his residence and ornaments the battlements of his palace with the skulls of his victims; and the great Fetiche tree, at Bodagras, has its wide-spread limbs laden with human carcasses and limbs. The want of chastity is no disgrace, and the priests are employed as pimps.—*Honolulu Religious Journal*.

A very interesting and pleasant meeting took place at Roxbury last evening, between the members of Rev. Dr. Putnam's congregation and their pastor, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Putnam's wedding day. The society, knowing their pastor's wishes respecting the reception of silver presents which it is customary to make upon such anniversaries, previous to the summer vacation, met together and agreed among themselves to entirely refit and furnish his residence. A committee of ladies was accordingly selected, and during Dr. Putnam's absence his house was taken possession of by painters and gas-fitters, and other mechanics, under the superintendence of these fair directors, so that when the owner of the mansion returned, he was agreeably surprised at the change that had been wrought upon the premises. Last evening having been selected by the committee for an interchange of congratulations with Dr. Putnam, the house and grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and a fine band of music in attendance discoursed most excellent music, and Dr. Putnam and lady received the greetings and kind wishes of a large number of their friends. The occasion was one which will be remembered with much pleasure by all the participants.—*Boston Traveller*.

In many quarters cotton is regarded as the great American staple production of the United States, but it falls far behind several other articles. The crop of corn in the quantity produced and the market value, far exceeds that of any other agricultural product, being worth more than three times as much as the cotton raised in the country. The wheat crop also exceeds in value the production of cotton, while that of hay approaches within two million dollars only, the aggregate value of the cotton raised in the United States.

A few days since, at the Virginia Hotel, Staunton, Va., there was a grain of wheat imbedded in a large clear lump of ice, which had sprouted, and sent out, at a small orifice, a blade about two and a half inches long. There were roots of about the same length, which penetrated the lump of ice where it appeared entirely solid. The roots were carefully drawn out of the ice with the grain by a gentleman present.

DR. CARNOCHAN, the eminent surgeon, of this city, was quietly married, Sept. 16th, to Miss Morris, daughter of Major Morris, U. S. A.

GREAT CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, AT HOBOKEN, N. J.

This national cricket match, which commenced on Thursday, September 11th, was concluded at about sunset on the following day. The general interest felt in the result among all classes, the intense excitement of cricketers of every degree, and the large concourse of spectators present warranted us in attempting a faithful illustration of the scene. By the co-operation of BRADY and his matchless ambrotype, we are enabled to present our readers with a most perfect and truthful engraving. By a pre-concerted arrangement, BRADY was on the ground with his apparatus, and at a given signal—the dropping of a hand-

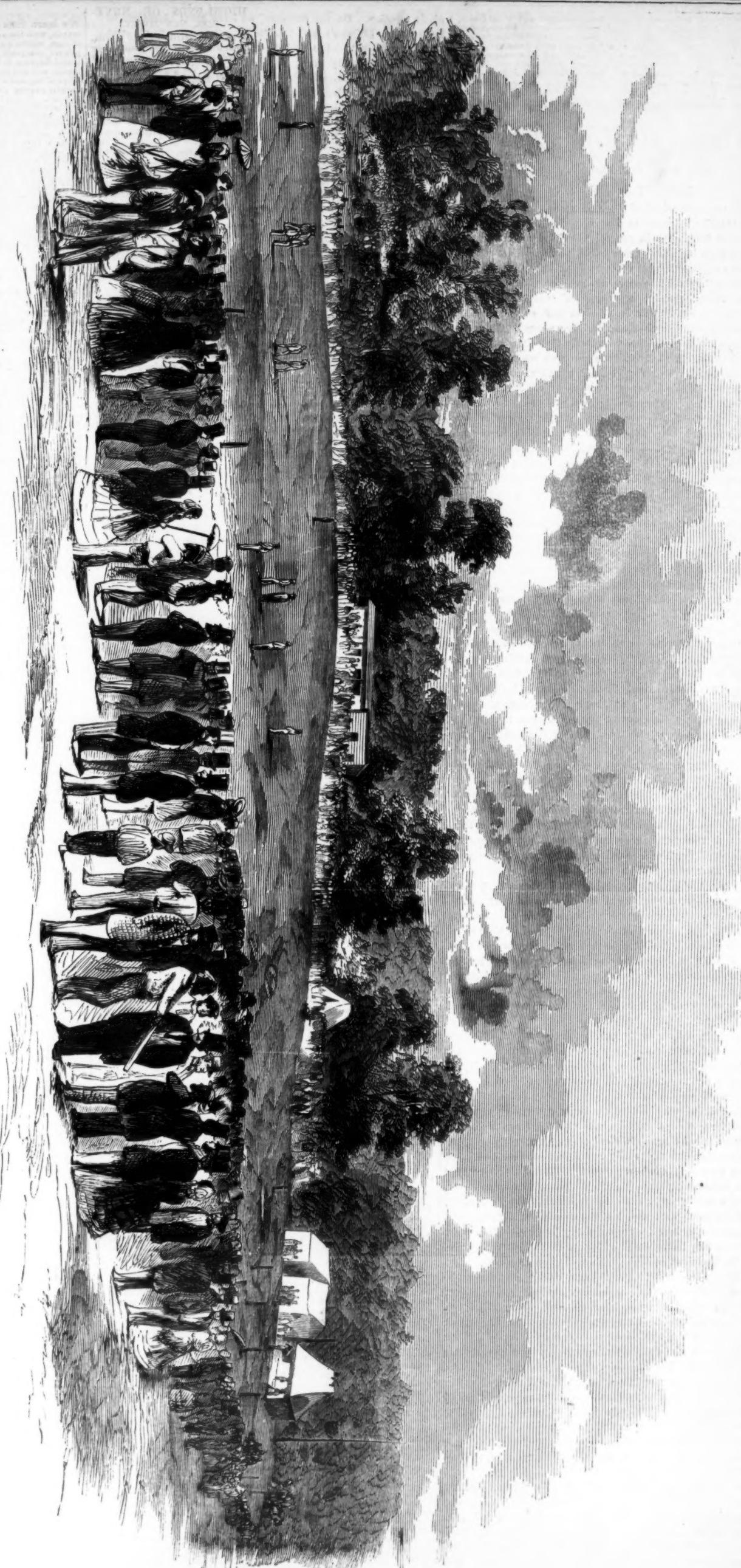
kerchief—each cricketer rested motionless as a statue, as if turned to stone by the Gorgon Medusa, and we are thereby enabled to give the costumes and exact attitudes of these great players which they naturally assume in their ordinary course of play. The ground, the scene, the figures, etc., are life-like, though the size of our picture precludes the possibility of giving recognizable portraits of all the players. Hoboken Cricket Ground never experienced such a scene. There were about 6000 spectators surrounding the grounds, covering the hills and filling the tents, one of which was devoted to the exclusive use of ladies, and was thronged by them. Three other tents and flags graced the ground, and when the excitement of the game was at the highest pitch, the smoke of the conflict so dense that the issue was in doubt, each party confident in the hope that their banner would emerge victorious from the conflict, BRADY seized upon the moment to take his admirable copy of the scene. It was taken at the exact moment when play was called, the Canadians being in the field, and two of the batters for the United States side at the wickets, Mr. Pickering preparing to bowl at Bingham, all the fielders in their positions, and in attitude for action. Mr. Robinson, the Mayor of Toronto, is seen standing as umpire for Canada, intent on his duty. The umpire at the bowlers' end has for the moment forgot his duty, and has turned his face to the apparatus; in every other aspect the scene depicts the true position of a Cricket field; and taking in, as it did, Fox Hill and the various tents, all sprinkled with groups of ladies in gay attire, it had a very pleasing effect. This was the first match played by the Canadian gentlemen on this ground, and they got beat with nine wickets to spare. In 1853 they played at Harlem, when they were beaten by thirty-four runs, exactly seventeen runs in each innings. In 1854, the United States went to Canada and played at Toronto, when Canada won by ten runs. In 1855, no match was played, owing to several of the players being ordered, with their regiments to the Crimea. The Canada players are beautiful fielders, and their bowling is most excellent; but the batting of the United States beat them. They did not have quite so strong a team as they brought two years ago. They were unfortunate the first day. Gale and Pickering, two of their best bats only getting one run between them. The eleven got together for the United States were the cream of the country, having been selected from the New York and Philadelphia clubs. Sam Wright played in his usual steady style, but did not have much chance of showing what sterling cricket material is made of. The playing was excellent on both sides. The batting of Harding, Boulbee and Draper, of the Canadian eleven, was much admired, as was that of Messrs. Senior, Gibbes and Higham, of the United States. The bowling of Cuy, Barker and Senior was most beautiful. Higham's wicket keeping, Barlow's long-stopping, Sharp at point, were much admired. The Canada men are great on fielding. The bowling of Hardinge and Parsons was nearly equal to the United States, but their batting not so good. An old English cricketer, fully competent to judge says: "The batting of Gibbes could not be excelled by any of our European players; we have seen many of the games by the united eleven of all England, but never witnessed such excellent batting as was displayed by Gibbes." This assertion will be appreciated by all who have ever seen Gibbes handle a bat. Capt. Lousada, of the Ninth regiment, the fourth man who entered the Redan was among the Canadian players. On the ground were J. B. Robinson, Esq., Mayor of Toronto, and his son, Messrs. Fitzgerald, Perkins, Rykart, and Powell, of Toronto. The clubs of Newark, Staten Island, Manhattanville, Harlem, Yonkers, Long Island, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., were well represented. Mr. Robinson, Mayor of Toronto, stood umpire for Canada, and Mr. Wheatcroft of Newark for the United States. Messrs. Dickson and Bray scored. During the play, ample refreshments were served to the Canadians in a private tent, where they regaled themselves between the innings with Kendall's Allsop's Pale Ale, and retired to the Astor House after the match, well pleased with the hospitality of the United States.

The following is the score:

CANADA.

	1st Innings.	
Parsons	b Barker	3
Heward	run out	4
Hardinge	b Cuy	9
Gale	b Barker	0
Jones	b "	0
Pickering	b Cuy	1
Lousada	b "	4
Dexter	b "	2
Boulbee	b Senior	6
Phillipps	b Cuy	6
Draper	not out	5
	b 9, lb 4, w 1	5
<hr/>		
Total... 64		
	2nd Innings.	
Parsons	b Cuy	1
Heward	b "	10
Hardinge	run out	0
Gale	run out	2
Jones	not out	11
Pickering	b Barker	8
Lousada	c Gibbes b Cuy	3
Dexter	b Cuy	0
Boulbee	b "	8
Phillipps	run out	6
Draper	b Cuy	3
	b 4, lb 4, w 1	1
<hr/>		
Total... 52		

GREAT CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, AT HOBOKEN, N. J., SEPTEMBER 11 AND 12. UNITED STATES VICTORIOUS! ANILOTYPE BY BRADY, WHILE THE GAME WAS IN PROGRESS.



	1st Innings.	
S. Wright	b Hardinge	4
Wilby	run out	4
Senior	lb 4	22
Bingham	b Parsons	0
Barlow	c Pickering, b Hardinge	1
Gibbes	b Hardinge	43
Waller	b Pickering	5
Higham	b "	18
Sharp	b Dexter, b "	2
Barker	not out	0
Cuy	b Pickering	1
byes 4, wides 11		11
<hr/>		
Total... 111		
	2nd Innings.	
Bingham	1 bwb Hardinge	14
Barlow	not out	3
Sharp	not out	9
byes 3, lb 4, w 8		10
<hr/>		
Total... 35		

(OCT. 4, 1856.)

To CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856.

RECENT ROMANCES.

THE English romantic school of the present day is by no means so pernicious in its influence as that of some fifty years back. Our writers of fiction are in general a well-educated, sensible class. Their style is, however, somewhat intense. Most of them scale the very topmost heights of invention; but often in their soaring, when they think themselves sublime, they are simply ridiculous. They practice a species of "high and lofty tumbling," which excites our laughter as well as our surprise. They try to be eccentric and succeed in being absurd. They invent characters which could not be real; they describe scenes which could not exist; their incidents are often incongruous and sometimes impossible; they distort Nature and caricature Art; they violate all known rules of taste and rhetoric. But still they do very little harm. They are by no means so immoral as the novelists of even twenty-five years ago. At the same time they produce very much less sensation. Twenty novels now as good as "Pelham" would not produce all together a twentieth part the sensation that "Pelham" did. Who does not remember the mighty fuss made about Bulwer and his unnatural romances? They were as immoral as his last stories—"My Novel," for example—are virtuously inclined; at the same time they were considerably more exciting. Boarding-school misses and boys in college went crazy over them. Many a religiously-educated youth tried hard to be a dandy and affected the tone of a *roué*. We remember the son of a good Boston Presbyterian deacon, who was nearly, if not quite spoiled by his imitative admiration of "Pelham." He cultivated the utmost nicety in dress; his manners became reserved and scornful; he yielded all his wonted pleasures to the *dolce far niente*. He abandoned his mind utterly to his coat, waistcoat and pantaloons; he devoted long hours of reflection to the tie of his neckcloth; the adjustment of his hair was an affair of more consequence than his morning devotions, and he studied alike his attitudes and his conversation. It was many years before Time, the great chastiser of men's actions and chastener of men's thoughts, took this nonsense out of him—and even now, at his age of fifty, he is over particular about his costume and very Pelhamish in his manners. Can it be conceived that any novel written in our day could, without any exciting political cause, possibly exercise such an influence over its readers?

The reason that works of fiction, published now-a-days, create not a tinge of the excitement which similar stories formerly did, is that we have a great many more good novels than formerly, and they are far more respectable performances, both in an intellectual and moral point of view. A romance that would have won for its author a first-rate reputation when Bulwer made his *début*, would now hardly attract more than passing praise. A good many stories are read to amuse an hour and thrown away and forgotten. These are for the most part written in that overflowed style to which we referred in the beginning of this article. Harmless in themselves, they serve a temporary purpose, just as the daily newspaper does; they gratify our appetite for narrative, just as the journal does our appetite for news. Time puts them in that enormously capacious wallet, wherein he stores his alms to oblivion, and there they lie and crumble into nonentity.

Certain critics, pretending to sagacity, decry all books that are not designed to be immortal. They might as well denounce their dinners, because, having eaten ever so hearty a dinner to-day, it will not serve for to-morrow. To-morrow must have its own dinner. Each day must have its book—its book to be read, torn up and done with. One book of a certain ephemeral sort does not answer for two days. Perhaps its ephemeral character constitutes its principal charm. We are not required to study it, we read it carelessly—it is very easily understood—we are amused at it, because we can take it in a glance; we skim it over, and ever so shallow a skimming takes it all in, for it has no depth.

We hold that the writer of a pleasant, clever, interesting story, ephemeral in its very essence, is well deserving of our gratitude. Our obligations to him may not be very lasting, but they are earnest while they last. We like him for his very nonsense, provided it be harmless, as the nonsense of most recent romances in our language is. If we cannot laugh at his wit, we may be amused by his absurdity. If he is not witty in himself, he may be the cause of wit in others; if his book is not particularly entertaining, the criticisms on it may be. So far as in us lies, we would encourage the writing of stories, for the more that are written the more likely are we to get some that are good. In manuscript they can do no possible harm; if printed, and they are not worth reading, be sure that nobody will read them.

While the majority of our recent romances are characterized by frivolity, lightness, and that style which is well designated by the adjective "highfaluting," still there is an excellent minority. There are story-tellers not unworthy of the great archetype and exemplar of this age's novels, the illustrious, the dear, the immortal "author of Waverley."

We cannot say that we ever fell in with the taste of the present generation in its chief and almost exclusive adoration of two or three romance writers. While we fully recognize the merits of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, the reforming, purifying, loving spirit of the first, the scathing satire and hatred to vice and meanness of the second, we do not think they have monopolized the novel-writing ability and cleverness of the

whole creation. On the contrary, we have great objections to them both. Dickens's last, "Little Dorrit," seems to us—and we have faithfully followed it in Harpers' Magazine—entirely unequal to his early fame. Redeemed by occasional flashes of humor, as it is, still its very jokes seem familiar, and hardly excite a smile. Let us sincerely hope that the author of "Oliver Twist" has not written himself out. Mr. Thackeray is too often a literary Mephistopheles—too constant is his sneer—too apparent his distrust in all men's and women's honor and sincerity. "The Newcomes" is what we Yankees call a "smart" book, but is as far from being a good one—we mean morally good—as old "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle." For their moral effect we rank the novels of Smollett above those of Thackeray, just as we rank the unsurpassed "Vicar of Wakefield" above any one of Dickens's inventions. These two novelists are professed reformers; but we doubt whether the moral effects of their writings are better than those of other recent romancers.

CABS.

THESE leatheren conveniences—these comfortable and cheap receptacles, rotatory and perambulant, have not as yet been successfully introduced into this city. We are carried about either in omnibuses or "stages," as they are vulgarly called, at ridiculously low rates, next to nothing, or we give ourselves up to the tender mercies of the wicked, which are cruel, in the shape of hackmen, (so named, we presume, from their *doing or hacking men*,) who charge a disproportionate and enormous price for jolting you a few streets in their rattly-bang vehicles. True—there is a law of the municipal corporation regulating the rate of fares; but this law is seldom if ever enforced. It is in fact rendered nugatory by the impediments and difficulties to its enforcement. A citizen, a stranger or other victim, who has been grossly swindled by a hackman, has to spend so much time in making his complaint and to take so much trouble in proving it, that if the victim is engaged in any business, worth as much as a dollar a day, he cannot afford to spend the time or take the trouble. It is much better for him to stand the swindle than "the law's delay, the insolence of office." These hackmen regard the law with perfect contempt and pay not the slightest obedience to it. *We do not believe that there is a single licensed hack in this city at this moment, in which the legal rates of fare are put up, to be read by every passenger, as the law requires.* Is it or is it not the duty of the regular Inspector to see this law observed? Have the police any supervision whatsoever over the hackney coaches? So far as our experience goes, the police-officers seem to act in collusion with the drivers and to sustain them in charging exorbitant fares.

But a few evenings since, arriving at an up-town railway station, and having occasion to ride home about a mile's distance, we could get no carriage for less than twelve shillings. On appealing to a policeman, who stood near, we were abruptly informed by the official that it was little enough!—Only, we believe, about three times what the law allows. Whenever we have taken one of these licensed coaches without a previous bargain, and, on reaching home, tendered the driver what we knew to be the legal fare, he has stood on the sidewalk and cursed and blackguarded us till we shut the hall-door in his face. Often at no great distance stood a policeman, listening as if he was very much amused, and evidently sympathizing with his "pal," the driver.

The fact is, the law, regulating hackney-coaches in this city, is a dead letter. It is seldom or never enforced, but openly defied and laughed at. The grossest impositions are practised with impunity.

Now, since our city officials are either a poor set of imbeciles, incapable of enforcing the laws, or, what is more likely, accessories of the law-breakers, the question is, how can the owners of public conveyances, other than omnibuses, be compelled to charge reasonable prices, or give up their nefarious business altogether? Our reply is, *by the introduction of cabs—neat, convenient affairs, such as are used in London.* A correspondent of the London *Times*, in a recently published letter, writing from, and descriptive of New York, says, in alluding to public conveyances: "By an inexplicable adherence to a mode of conveyance we have abandoned, the old heavy hackney-coach, double-horsed, and extortionate, still holds its place, and the light, handy cab of London is unknown."

Now, our object in inditing this article is to inquire why this light, handy cab is unknown in New York?—Why it is not introduced here? True, a few years ago an attempt was made to set going some unwieldy, unhandy two-wheeled and four-wheeled carts, with covers over them, misnamed cabs. But they were not only furiously set upon by the drivers of the two-horsed coaches, but unsustained by the community at large, for the good and sufficient reason that *their drivers preferred swindling to honesty, and extortion to a fair remuneration.*

Let the "light, handy cab" of London be introduced, with the same rigidly-enforced and reasonable rate of fares, and they will not only pay well and be generally used, but—mark our words—the man who has the enterprise to introduce them will make a competent fortune.

LITERARY.

"DRED: A TALE OF THE GREAT DERMAL SWAMP." By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 2 vols. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

As a work of art, this is a far inferior production to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As a story it is loosely constructed; the incidents are not compacted together as parts of a whole, but are merely detached histoiettes, strung together with a view to the illustration of the evils of slave life. Many of the characters are a reproduction of personages introduced to our notice in the author's preceding work; as, for instance, in *Nina* we recognize a more matured Eva; in the slave Harry we have another George Harris; and old Tiff bears a strong psychological resemblance to the redoubtable Uncle Tom. These counterparts are more or less similar, and render very apparent the fact, that however excellent may be Mrs. Stowe's talent for portraiture, her imagination is certainly *börne*. Dred is a character that fails to enlist our sympathies: he is represented to be the son of a slave conspirator, who, with twenty-two others, was executed in South Carolina, and he inherits his father's indomitable pride and energy of character. As a representative of the "Mandingo," or any other African tribe, the character is purely imaginary and absurdly overdrawn, he being nothing less than a John the Baptist or a Prophet Isaiah. "The development of this child's mind was so uncommon as to excite astonishment among the negroes. He early acquired the power of reading, by an apparent instinctive faculty, and would often astonish those around him with things he had discovered in books. Like other children of a deep and fervent nature, he developed great religious ardor, and often surprised the elder negroes by his questions and replies on this subject." Of a desperate, unsubduable nature, he had early in life killed an overseer, and making his escape to the swamps therupon, he became the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," and was never afterwards heard of in civilized life. Tiff and Harry, her other two most prominent negro characters, are equally false types of the African race: endowed with the redeeming qualities of the negro character, they throw their white compatriots utterly in the shade, and lead their readers to the conviction that the whites and blacks ought to change places, for, according to these pages, the latter are evidently intended for the dominant class.

There is a spirit of unfairness—a one-sidedness—pervading these columns that can only be accounted for by supposing the author to be influenced by an undue warmth of feeling. The whites are only excellent as they are devoted to the slave race; the clergy of all denominations are drawn with a spirit of bitter malignity, and their interminable conferences are most afflictively tedious; all the favorite characters are avowed abolitionists, and the reprobate ones are used for choice illustrations of our author's favorite views. Altogether, we should pronounce the work a notable example of special pleading, where fidelity to nature is nowhere sought after; and so far from being a transcript of many-sided Southern life, it is merely Mrs. Stowe's individuality reproduced in a variety of phases.

But waiving our opinion of it as a work of fiction, we wish to regard it in another aspect. The author says in her preface:

"The author's object in this book is to show the general effect of slavery on society—the various social disadvantages which it brings even on its most favored advocates—the thriftlessness and misery and backward tendency of all the economical arrangements of slave States—the retrograding of good families into poverty—the deterioration of land—the worse demoralization of all classes from the aristocratic tyrannical planter to the oppressed and poor white—which is the result of the introduction of slave labor."

If this is her object, why not go about it in a spirit somewhat calculated to procure its accomplishment? If slavery entails all these evils upon society, we, as citizens of free commonwealths, are at least removed from their consequences. If, then, the author feels herself prompted by a pure spirit of philanthropy to enter upon a field where she is at best but a volunteer, to counteract the derangement of the economical relations, and to obviate the retrogradation of good families into poverty, we should think that her natural good sense would prompt her so to shape her friendly interference as that it should be acceptable to the parties she addresses. Misrepresentation, taunts and obloquy we all know to be no way of gaining a person's ear. If slavery is "a burdensome stone to such as burden themselves with it," a truth, we believe, pretty generally recognized by all, why the more the pity for those who bear it; theirs is the injury, and whatever impatience is manifested should, in the natural order of things, be expressed by them. But the school of philanthropists cannot wait for the natural process of things; they must assist nature. They must interpose their own ungovernable and intemperate feelings into a matter where they are but a third party; and from the exacerbation of temper which they produce by their inconsiderate interference, only complicate the original question, and throw difficulties in the way of the very thing that they profess a desire to remove.

If Mrs. Stowe has any suggestions to offer for the consideration of slaveholders towards the removal of the mischiefs that result from the institution, let her make them. Unquestionably the subject has been maturely deliberated by her in all its bearings, and with the experience which she has had of the matter in its every development, it is beyond doubt that it is in her power to say much worth attention.

In the conversation between Judge Clayton and his son, we have several temperate views expressed, from which we select the following:

"Have you any definite plan to be attempted?" said his father.

"Of course," said Clayton, "a man's first notions of such a subject must be crude; but it occurred to me, first to endeavor to excite the public mind on the injustice of the present slave-law, with a view to altering it."

"And what points would you alter?" asked Judge Clayton.

"I would give to the slave the right to bring suit for injury, and to be a legal witness in court. I would repeal the law forbidding their education, and I would forbid the separation of families."

In such discussions as this there is a tone manifested such as all must approve. It evinces a disposition to examine the evil as it exists, and to endeavor by practicable suggestions to ameliorate what cannot be immediately remedied. These suggestions are all desirable, because they are prompted by a spirit of justice and humanity; their practicability we very much doubt, (the separation of slave families is to a very great extent prohibited, and they could not, as slaves, be admitted as witnesses.) If Mrs. Stowe fails to meet the case, she stands in no worse position than that of our country's wisest legislators: their motives we know to be lofty, and their sagacity unsurpassed; but the institution seems to be involved in such a net-work of difficulties, that hitherto human intelligence has failed to compass its removal.

As observers of human nature it is both painful and amusing to perceive how we can reprobate evils in others, and at the same time be so complacently ignorant of their presence in our own hearts. How feebly our author can discourse upon intolerance, as though her pen had never been tinctured with its spirit.

"I believe," said Clayton, "intolerance is a rooted vice in our nature. The world is as full of different minds and bodies as the woods are of leaves, and each one has its own habit of growth. And yet our first impulse is to forbid everything that would not be proper for us."

If the school of Mrs. Stowe would just take that text into consideration, and examine their own conduct by the lesson that that teaches, it appears to us they would find as much for condemnation in themselves, as in the opposite party. Where political relations are so closely drawn as with us, and where the legitimate sphere of the citizen is so clearly defined, we can accept no excellence of intention, no "excess of zeal in a righteous cause," as an apology for the mischief that is produced by the intolerance of the reckless agitator. If we, as a Sovereign State, are properly jealous of interference in our domestic affairs, and resolved to submit to no such violation, upon the same principle Louisiana or any other State is resolved to brook no similar intermeddling with her proper affairs, and whoever goes dictatorially to declare to them what they are to do and what not to do, is guilty of an act of unwarrantable intrusion, and is responsible to the country for all the mischief that he incites. All the present complications that now convulse our country spring from the unchristian spirit of the abolitionist on the one side, and the criminal excesses of fiery Hotspurs on the other side—all are so many difficulties added to the question for the existence of which there is no logical necessity. Books of this class add but fuel to the flame; and the end which the author set out with proposing as her object, is only retarded by the very means she takes.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE is promptly upon our table. The paper on the "Cooking of Men" is very suggestive, quite as much so as most works on cookery. "Wild Life in Oregon" is spiritedly illustrated, and is altogether a pleasant article. "Passages of Eastern Travel," and "Insects and Insect Life," conclude the illustrated articles.

MRS. STEPHENS' ILLUSTRATED NEW MONTHLY continues to increase in interest. October is an improvement upon the preceding numbers, which is the highest compliment we can pay this excellent magazine.

LAST OF HIS RACE.—Continued in No. 7.

CHAPTER LXV.—Continued.

With desperate courage our hero, followed by Connor, fought his way to the side of his friend.

"Thank Heaven," he said, "I am not too late."

As quick as thought he raised Pet from the ground and sprang with her into the van, and his companions followed his example.

Overcome by the terror of the scene, the poor girl had fainted.

The cries, shouts, and fearful oaths of the mob by this time had effectually roused Gog from the lethargy which the injuries he had received had produced. The crisis Dr. Bawing had feared had arrived. Fever was in his blood, madness in his brain, yet in the midst of the confusion he recognized the features of his favorite, as she lay insensible in the arms of Dick.

"Dead!" groaned the giant, "dead!"

"They have murdered her," sobbed Euphrasia, whose courage had long since given way.

It was fearful to notice the change which took place in the countenance of Gog; for an instant it was convulsed with passion—the next turned to the ashy hue of death.

Springing from the van, he caught up a beam of wood; and rushing upon the mob began to assail them with such desperate fury, that they shrank before him like sheep when the giant wolf has broken into the fold. Vain were their cries for mercy. Down came the tremendous weapon; heads and limbs were crushed; never in the days of health had he exhibited such astonishing strength. At every blow he struck he pronounced the name of Pet.

Ben Sneder seeing the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and alarmed by the fate of his companion Miller, was one of the first to fly. "Our hero sent a bullet after him, but missed him."

Cries were now heard from the mob on the outside that the commissioner and the police had arrived. Those most implicated went their way through the booth; but before many could accomplish this, Gog, who felt that his strength was leaving him, reeled like a drunken man against the piece of timber which supported the roof; grasping it with a last effort, he dragged it from its place, and the entire tent fell, inclosing himself and his assailants as in a net.

Unfortunately, Ben Sneder was not amongst the number; he had escaped.

CHAPTER LXVI.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

From the tomb the voice of nature cries,

Even in our ashes live their wonted fire.

GRATY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The arrival of Mr. Hardy, the commissioner, from Bathurst, and the mounted police who were to serve as an escort for the gold to Sydney, put an end to all further attempts of the rioters, even had they been in a condition to make them. Several prisoners were taken, and amongst others Hackabut Stark, the landlord of the Great Nugget. His object, as he afterwards confessed, in joining the fray, was the hope that Pet might ultimately be induced to take up her residence in the shanty, where she would doubtless have proved an attraction to his lawless customers, as his previous victim had done.

It proved, however, an unlucky speculation for him. For once the cunning fellow overreached himself. When released from prison some weeks afterwards, he found that Sarah Ann had decamped, leaving the business to take care of itself. In her flight she had not forgotten to assist herself to his ill-gotten boards.

Despite the vigilant search which was made, no trace could be discovered of Ben Sneder. It was in vain that his former haunts were explored, and his companions questioned; they either were ignorant of his movements, or too deeply implicated with him to tell. Mutual crime sometimes acts as a bond where nobler ties would be broken.

Dr. Bawing was the only person who had no reason to regret the violent outbreak. Never since he had established himself at the diggings had he had so many wounds to dress, or charged such exorbitant fees. But, as he shrewdly observed, it was an ill wind that blew no one good.

Dick heard of the escape of his enemy, and consequent loss of the papers, almost without regret. Not that he was insensible to the

"You will have both yet," exclaimed Sam, to whom he expressed his feelings on the subject, "or I shall be tempted to doubt the justice of Heaven, as I have long done of earth. There is something monstrous in the idea of a man being punished through his virtues."

In the hearts of both the friends there was a deeper regret, a sadder feeling than the sordid interests of the world could inspire: Gog was dying. From the moment the doctor saw him after the affray he pronounced the case to be hopeless. All he could do was to administer soporifics to calm his ravings. He believed that Pet was dead; and his threats of vengeance on her murderers were terrific.

"Where is my sister?" demanded Sam.

"Where she has been for the last mortal twelve hours," answered his partner; "sitting by the side of Gog."

"Does he still suffer much?" inquired Dick.

"'Orrible! he has been a roaring like a bull."

On entering the tent the young men were warned to tread lightly by Pet, who raised her finger to her lips. The sufferer slept. It was the precursor of death. As they stood silently gazing on him, each observed that his features had recovered much of their former expression; there was an absence alike of pain or passion, and but for their unearthly paleness would have presented nothing unusual.

"He will recover," whispered Pet, creeping close to the side of her brother; "see how calmly he breathes; the fever has left him."

Sam shuddered; he knew that it was the forerunner of death. Dr. Bawming had informed him that it would be so.

"Thank Heaven," he said, speaking in the same undertone, "that he is free from pain."

On recognising its uncle the infant held forth its little arms and cried to be taken. Gog slowly unclosed his eyes, and, gazing on the group before him, faintly smiled.

"Sam, Dick, and Pet," he murmured, slowly repeating their names, "all safe; then I have nothing to regret in this world. Give me your hands. You are the only beings that ever loved me. You never shrank with terror at the sight of me, as if it was my fault that I was unlike my fellow-creatures," he added, with a sigh.

"You have been the truest friend I ever had," exclaimed the grateful girl, kneeling beside him. "Oh, what would my fate have been without you? too horrible to contemplate!"

The giant stretched forth his huge hand and passed it gently over her long silkencurls. It rested so lightly on them, the contact could scarcely brush the dew from a flower.

"You must take her from this place," he said, looking towards her brother.

"Promise me that; she is not fit for a life at the diggings. Mind," he said, "all I have is for Pet—everything. Webb has my savings."

"Is there nothing—nothing I can do to prove my affection for you, Gog?" sobbed the object of his care.

"Yes, one thing, one," replied the dying man.

"Oh, name it."

"You won't be angry?"

"Angry! you wring my heart by such a word."

"Then kiss me," said the giant; "that is," he added, hastily, fearing the request had offended her, "promise to kiss me when I am dead; it won't be long first. I can feel life stealing from me as gently as you used to do when a child, and I pretended to sleep that I might not appear to break my word after I had promised to detain you."

Pet bent over him, and pressed her lips upon his forehead, whilst the warm tears which accompanied the act fell upon his cheek.

"Bless you!" he murmured, "bless you! You will never know how dearly I loved you. I felt myself a child with you—human whilst you were by my side. When the jeers and coarse wonderment of the world had raised my temper, it was calm the instant I beheld your smile. You won't forget me," he added, taking her hand in his; "we shall never meet again."

"In Heaven," replied Pet.

The giant looked at her as if he questioned whether he should be admitted there, for he had long entertained a morbid doubt that he was something apart from humanity; but the look which accompanied the words reassured him. It was impossible for the poor fellow to question an assertion which came from those lips; so he smiled and repeated the words, "In Heaven."

Sam saw that the final moment was approaching, and, anxious to spare his sister from witnessing the scene, he whispered to Dick to remove her. Affection has a quick ear. Pet refused to quit the tent, saying that she knew her duty.

When the struggle was past, when she had closed the eyes of her preserver, and repeated the kiss upon his brow, she extended her hand to our hero, saying, "I am ready." He led her from the spot, taking her infant with them.

When Webb was informed of the death of Gog, the warm-hearted showman burst into tears, and declared he would willingly have given all his hard earnings in Australia rather than have lost him, they had been so many years together. Even his wife, Euphrasia, for once spoke and acted like a reasonable being. She was natural because she felt acutely.

By the time the gold escort was ready to start, the van was repaired, and the party prepared to set out. They had had quite enough of the diggings; even Euphrasia's love of fame was satisfied, and she felt herself content to retire upon the laurels and the nuggets she had won. Land, too, in Sydney, had so risen in value that a very handsome sum was still to be realized by the sale of the Shakespearian temple, which Webb and his partner with prudent foresight had bought.

Upon his arrival at Sydney, our hero's first care was to set the police upon the track of Ben Sneder, and the result was the proof that all he had endured at the gold fields had been in vain, the ruffian having sailed for England the very day before his arrival, in the James Watt. With his escape the last hope of obtaining the proofs of his mother's marriage and his own legitimacy vanished, for the scheming felon, on reaching his native country, would doubtless communicate with Roderick Hastings, to whom no sacrifice would be too great to purchase them.

"You will defeat the villain yet, Sir Walter," exclaimed Sam, in a tone of confidence. "My reliance on Providence is unbroken."

Finding that several weeks must elapse before they could return to England, Dick resolved to set out for Melbourne, where he was more likely to find a ship than at Sydney. To this step he was prompted by a desire equally strong as the wish of seeing his friends—the imperious necessity of providing for Connor's safety. The poor fellow was an escaped convict. Every moment of his stay was fraught with the utmost peril. He might be recognized; and the plies of having been unjustly condemned would avail but little with the authorities.

In three days, thanks to the rage of speculation, Sam and his partner were enabled to sell the strip of land on which the Shakespearian temple had been built, for a sum that six months before would have been regarded as fabulous. Van, theatrical dresses, and all the paraphernalia of their itinerant profession, found ready purchasers; when we say all, we must except the tin shield and broadsword of the Amazonian manageress and poor Gog. Euphrasia could not consent to part with them. It was her intention to have her portrait taken and engraved in the very costume in which she had so valiantly attacked the mob at the gold station: she looked upon it as historical.

Poor Connor, or rather Wharton, for we may as well for the future designate him by his proper name, did not breathe freely till he had left the scene of his former degradation behind him. He imagined that every eye as he passed through the streets was fixed upon him. Innocence, in this world, sometimes has its terrors as well as guilt.

If William Giles regretted his not being permitted to share in the excitement and perils of his friend at the gold fields, he found on his return home the best consolation to be met with after the bitterness of disappointment—the smiles of a pretty, virtuous woman. There was something in the blush with which Susan received him that whispered he was not quite indifferent to her; and it made him feel so happy, especially as he had long since got rid of his unfounded jealousy of Dick.

When the boy Jack was informed that his sister was to be the wife of his cousin William, his joy betrayed itself in a thousand antics. He laughed, and would have danced, had not respect for his uncle restrained him. Unable to control his feelings, he rushed out of the house and sought his four-footed friend the mastiff Tiger, and vented the exuberance of his satisfaction in caressing him.

An hour in the dog-kennel restored him to something like sober reason.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Had I but pearls of price—did golden piles
Of hoarded wealth swell in my treasury,
Easy I'd win the fawning flatterer's smile,
And bend the sturdiest ston's iron knee.—A. A. LOCKE.

But for the doubt which hung over the fate of our hero, all would have been unclouded happiness in the household of Farmer Giles. The old man had expressed great dissatisfaction when first informed of the expedition to the gold fields, and blamed himself severely for having permitted the heir of Crowshall to quit Melbourne without him; and this dissatisfaction amounted to cruel anxiety when, day after day and week after week, no tidings arrived either to George Chason or himself from the absent one.

Farmer Giles was one of the few remaining specimens of that almost extinct character the genuine English yeoman.

The hope of assisting the heir of the Herberts to regain his own as well as the natural desire he felt of returning to his native country, were the sole motives which induced him to part with his farm, and quit a land which held out, not the prospect merely, but the certainty of wealth.

"If anything has happened to Sir Walter," said Mr. Giles, when talking over the affair with his wife, "I shall never forgive myself."

The old man declared, with an asseveration so strong that it might almost have passed for an oath, that if it cost him his last guinea he would see our hero righted; and added that he should not die happy till the old place was wrung from the hands of Roderick Hastings and his rascally agent.

"And it will be, wife," he exclaimed; "do you recollect what person said the other day in Melbourne?"

"Well yes! I think I do," replied the dame, whose memory, however, was not very clear upon the subject; for she sometimes dozed in church. "Wasn't it something about his once having been young, but was now getting old? I thought it rather odd at the time—and the righteous man's children begging their bread? But there can be no fear of Sir Walter's coming to that," she added, earnestly.

"I should say not," exclaimed the farmer, giving his pocket another vigorous slap.

That same evening the boy Jack came running into the farm shouting at

the top of his voice, "They be a-comin', uncle! they be a-comin', cousin William!"

"Who are comin'?" demanded both father and son.

"Why, measter Dick; or—you know who I mean."

The inmates ran to the door, and beheld a cavalcade which very much puzzled them. First rode our hero and Sam, followed by Webb and his wife in a light cart. Euphrasia had not parted with her shield and sword, and doubtless imagined herself Boadicea—or some such Amazonian heroine. Pet, who with her infant in her arms was seated beside her, would have made no bad representative of one of the daughters of the outraged queen. As for the vehicle, Heaven knows it was primitive enough. Connor brought up the rear. The party were on their way to Hope Farm, to remain there till they could procure a passage to England.

"I could not pass so near your dwelling," said Dick, as soon as the congratulations were over, "without informing you of my safety."

"And success, I trust," observed William.

"Alas, no, my friend," replied the former. "The villain has escaped me, and with him the last hope of recovering the papers. Henceforth I am plain Dick Tarleton."

"You are Sir Walter Herbert of Crowshall," exclaimed the farmer; "and I shall live to see you enjoy your rights yet. But come in—a plain but hearty welcome."

At an early hour the following morning the travellers set out on their journey to Hope Farm, accompanied by William Giles, and arrived at their destination by sunset.

We must pass over the joy of Martha's meeting with her foster son, and the respectful greeting of George Chason, who during the absence of our hero had continually reproached himself for having permitted him to undertake the adventure at the gold fields alone.

"All is not lost yet," he observed, when Dick had informed him of the utter failure of his attempt to recover the proofs; "my evidence will go for something, and Mr. Wood, the magistrate, has discovered amongst poor Cusack's papers, or rather, I should say, Charles Merryweather's papers, a statement in which he confesses not only his unworthy conduct to your dear mother, but the means by which he obtained from Mr. Gore the proofs of her marriage with your father."

"The moral, but not the legal proof," replied our hero, with a sigh. "Let us speak of it no more; one of your oppressors has paid the penalty of his evil life. May Heaven forgive him, for I believe he died penitent. The master fendi," he added, in a tone of quiet resolution, "will not escape. Leave all to time."

"I believe," murmured Sam, looking at his sister, "it is the best avenger."

That same night the showman and his wife had a long and serious consultation. As our readers may suppose, it was on no unimportant subject, since the magnificent Euphrasia absolutely condescended to ask the opinion and consent of her diminutive half.

Flattered by such a piece of unusual condescension, as a matter of course, he would have said yes to any proposition, however extravagant: but in the present instance, to do Webb justice, it was uttered with a cheerfulness which spoke more for the goodness of his heart than the calculation of his head—seeing that it implied the risk of all their hard-earned savings.

The idea of having a real baronet for her protégé flattered the romantic soul of Mrs. Webb. She looked upon herself as a sort of dowager Lady Herbert in having adopted our hero, and had prevailed upon her husband to place all they possessed at his disposal to enable him to assert his rights.

"Dick," said the showman, when they met the next day; "that is, Sir Walter, I mean—"

"Call me Dick," interrupted the young man.

"Well! Sir Dick—it comes more natural like. I and the missus—no: the missus and I—that's it—have been a-thinking that we ain't a-goin' to see you done out of your rights; and so, if you want any tin when we gets back to England to grease the lawyers' palms with, you shall have it—should it be my all?"

"All!" exclaimed Euphrasia, wildly tossing her arms in the air. "I was born to build up the old house again."

Both Sam and his partner had expressed a strong desire to view the cave in which Amen Corner had concealed himself, and, in compliance with their wish, the whole party, including Connor and George Chason, set out from the farm directly after breakfast, under the guidance of our hero. On their way he repeated once more all the circumstances attending the discovery of the parish clerk, and described the last fierce struggle of the murderer with the bloodhound.

"He deserved his fate," said Sam. "He appears to have been a most remorseless villain."

"Saved him right," ejaculated the showman; "hanging wot too good for him. Only to think," he added, "of such a critter being the husband of your sister."

This observation was addressed to George Chason, who repeatedly cautioned them never to make the least allusion to the manner of Amen Corner's death in the presence of Martha.

After a walk of several hours, the pedestrians arrived at the gulley formed by the mountain stream, under whose bank was the entrance to the place; the exact spot was too deeply impressed by the scene enacted there upon the minds of those who had witnessed it for either Dick or William to forget it. The former led the way.

"It be plaguy dark," observed Webb, when the entire party had entered the cave, whose extent was barely visible by the light of the lantern which Connor carried.

The dancer looked round him with a shudder.

"I can imagine what the wretch must have endured," he said, "blind and tormented by burning thirst in such a place. There is justice in Providence, Dick," he added, laying his hand upon the shoulder of his friend; "its ways are always just, although we cannot comprehend the means by which it works its ends."

"Right," replied our hero, who had been busily occupying himself by raking together a quantity of dry leaves and wood in the centre of the cave. "Amen's punishment was the very poetry of justice. He sinned for gold; sold himself for the pale yellow devil without possessing it; for all his ill-gotten gains appear to have melted from his grasp. And yet," he added, "at the very moment he was here, a fugitive from the laws he had violated, he might have been the master of a princely fortune honestly acquired."

His friends heard the extraordinary statement in silence; neither William nor George Chason understood him.

"Behold," continued the speaker, at the same instant applying the light of the lantern to the pile of wood and leaves.

In a few minutes it burnt briskly up, and the flames, reflected on the sparkling quartz, gave to the scene a fairy-like appearance.

"Vot a scene for a pantomime," said the showman, pointing to what he, as well as the rest who were with him, considered as mica.

"With this advantage," observed Dick, "that it is real."

Sam and Connor hastily gathered a handful of the metal which lay thickly strewn on the floor of the cave, and began to test it, an operation their companions watched in silence.

"Gold!" the young men exclaimed simultaneously.

They were right: the cave was one of those vast natural pockets, to use the miners' word, in which the precious ore had for centuries been accumulating. Being situated at the foot of the Abenego hills, the waters, which descended in the rainy season with impetuous force, brought the metal with them, and deposited it on the spot the assassin of Charles Merryweather had selected for his hiding-place. How little did the wretch imagine, when planning with his confederate the means of extorting from the terrors of Martha the money necessary to secure their flight to England, that an almost countless treasure was being trampled under his feet.

"My dear young master," said George Chason, when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise, "this is a discovery which repays the wrongs of fortune. Here is gold sufficient to buy the fee simple of Crowshall thrice over."

"It might have done so," replied Dick, "had I retained it selfishly for myself; but I have lived long enough in the world to feel assured that gratitude and justice are the best policy a man can follow. The friends who have endured my dangers and fatigues with me, who have sacrificed so much for me, who were ready, to be assured, to make still greater sacrifices, have a right to partake in the advantages of this discovery. I cannot understand the friendship," he added, "which only shares ill-fortune with its friends."

"My better half is right," exclaimed the delighted showman; "you are a real Nero, and no mistake."

"Hoora!" shouted Webb, who had been filling the pockets of his velvet jacket with the ore; "hoora! my wife is right; Australia is the place for genius after all."

In a fit of ecstasy he threw himself at full length on the floor of the cave in order to boast, as he afterwards said, that for once in his life he had actually rolled in gold.

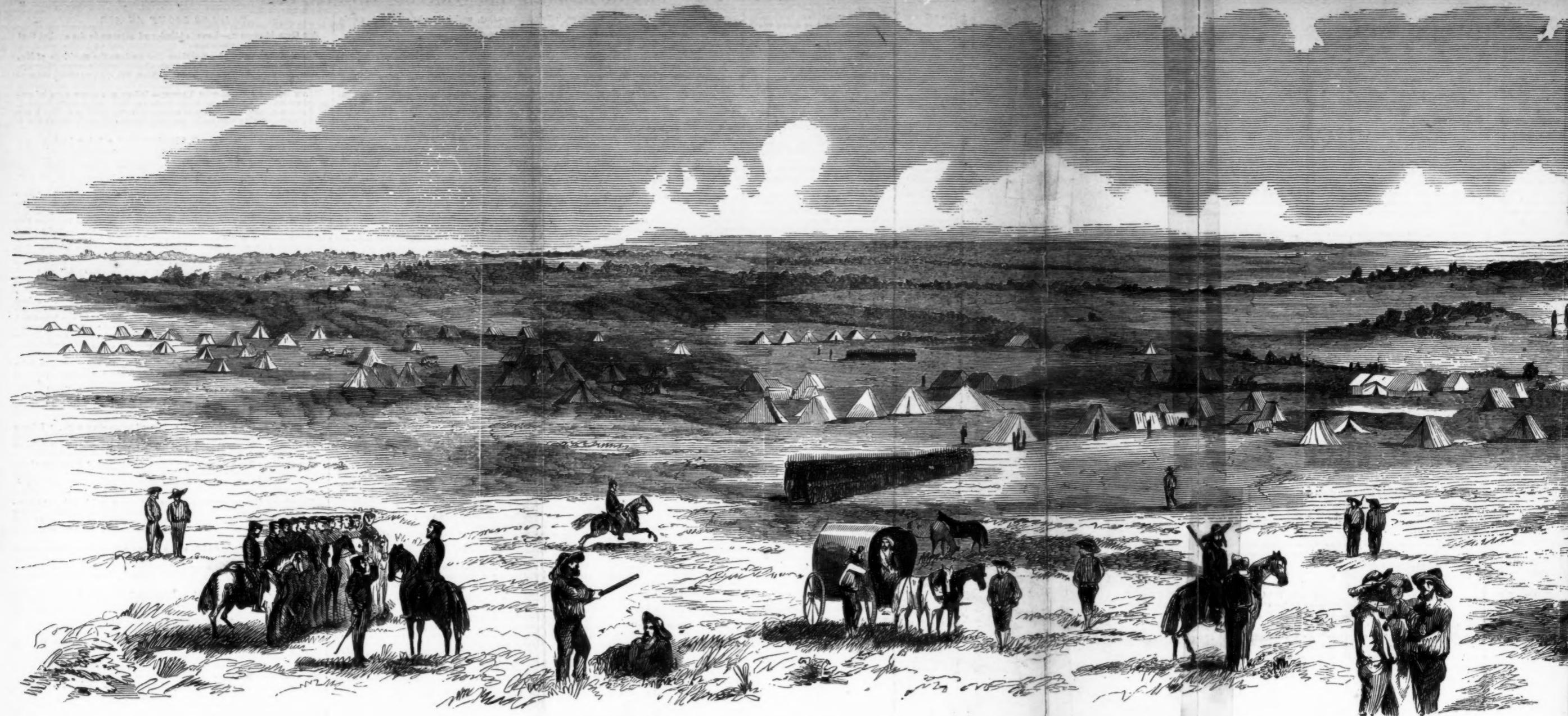
At this time the existence of the precious metal was not suspected in the neighborhood of Melbourne. It was not till nearly a year after the hero of our tale and friends had sailed for England that the Abenego diggings became celebrated for the vast amount of treasure they afforded.

"What are you thinking of, Sam?" inquired his friend, with a smile.

"Of our first meeting," replied the dancer. "I am so bewildered that I can scarcely collect my senses. It sounds like a fairy tale. Who could have imagined that two poor friendless boys—who clung to each other in the very desolation of their hearts, whom the world regarded as outcasts; whom the brutal scoffed at—would one day grasp at fortune, and attain it."

"And without crime," observed George Chason.

Poor Connor, who had shared in the general satisfaction, sighed heavily at the word. He could not forget that his name was stained—dishonored.



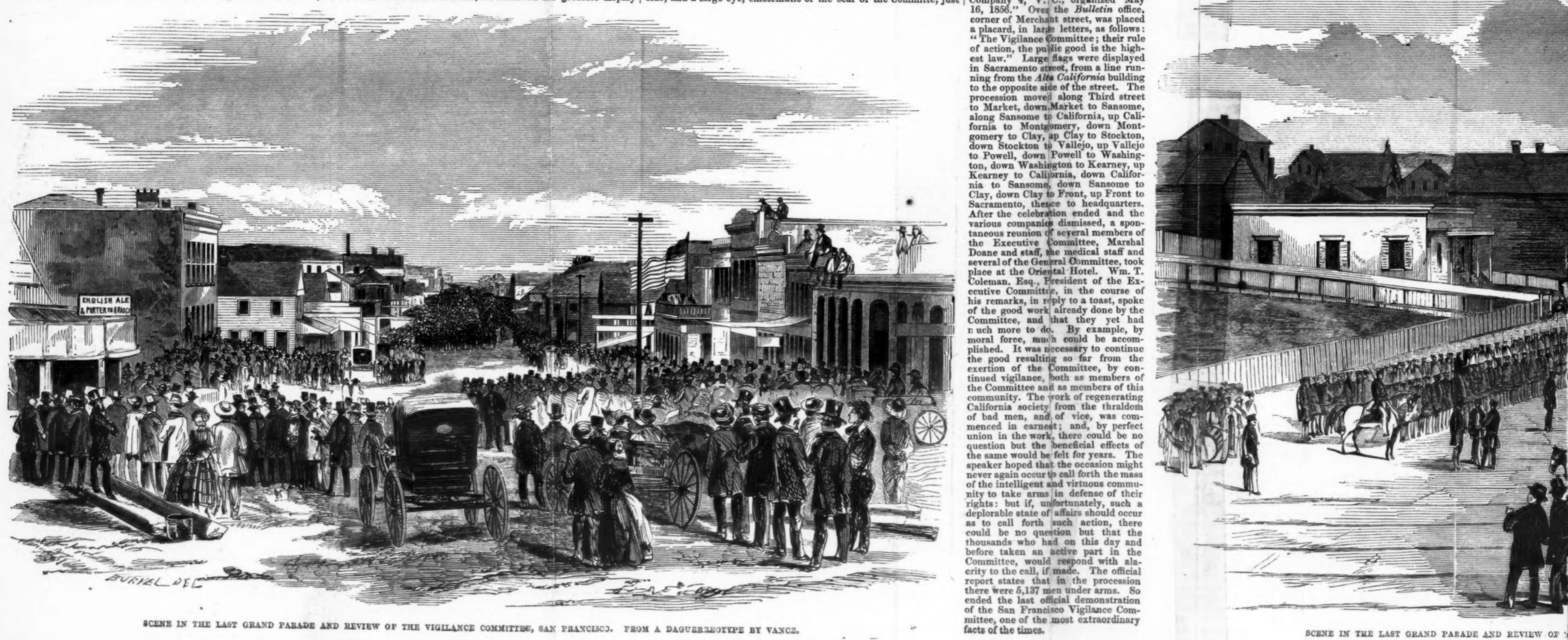
UNITED STATES TROOPS AS THEY APPEARED IN CAMP GUARDING THE FREE STATE PRISONERS, NEAR Lecompton, KANSAS TERRITORY. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE FURNISHED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

every companies organized at their respective armories. While these regiments were properly arranging their men and companies, by marching, countermarching and performing the necessary military evolutions to accomplish their object, they attracted a good deal of attention from the countless thousands that were gathered upon the sidewalks, on the house-tops and in the windows of the surrounding buildings. It was almost impossible to pass along the streets in the

vicinity of the gathering of the troops, so great was the collection there of anxious and interested spectators, men, women and children, without respect to age or condition, who were eager to witness the grand display. Hundreds of private carriages, containing families, and men on horseback, were in the streets watching with deep interest all the movements of the troops. On Sansome street, between Sacramento and California, we observed the greatest display

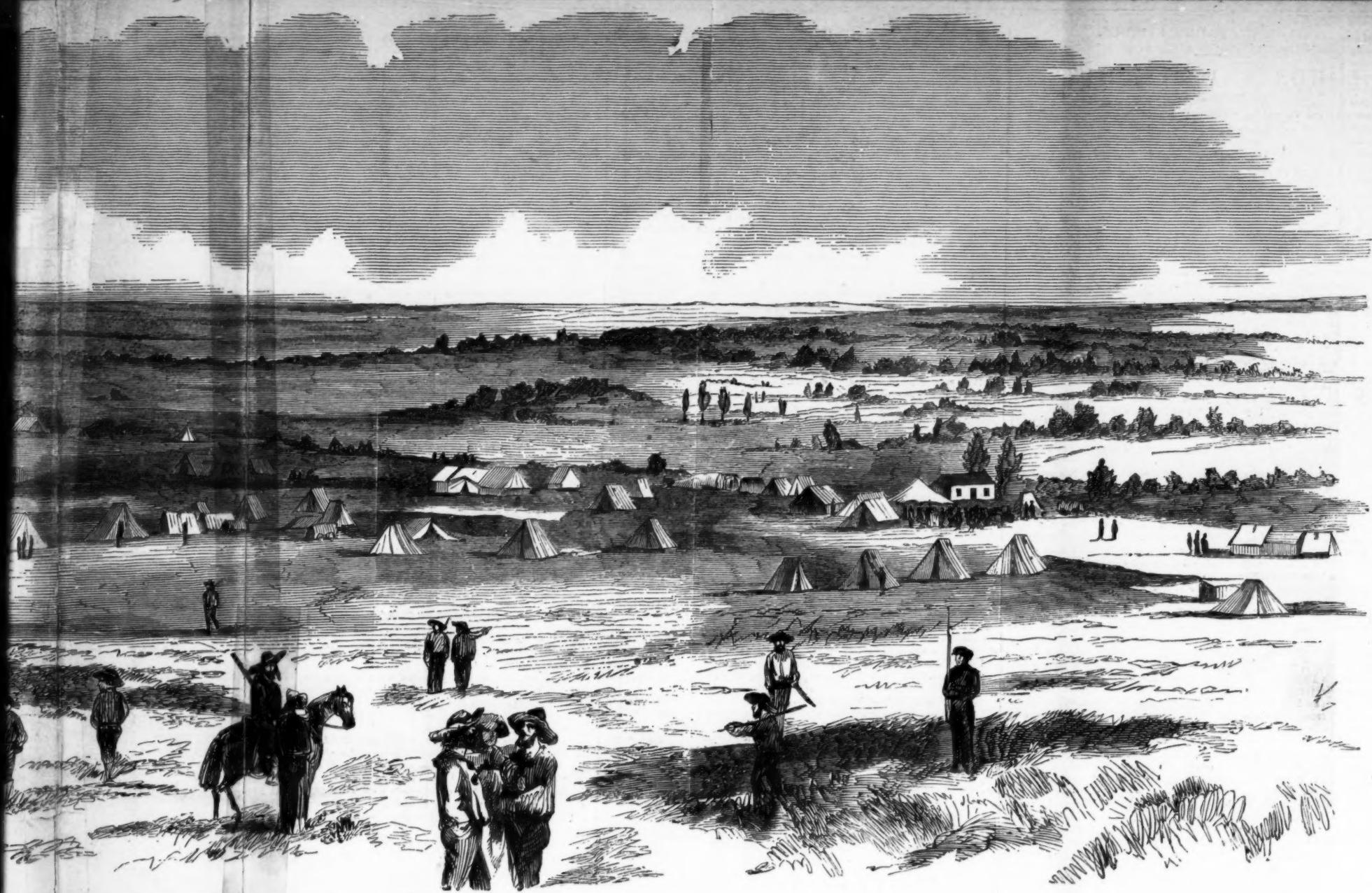
of any locality in the city. Several cords were passed across from one side of the street to the other, at the top of the buildings, on which the flags of all nations, with various designs and devices, were suspended. Upon one of them, that extended from the American Exchange to the Custom House Block, was suspended a frame in the shape of a quarter-circle, with the word "Vigilante" upon either side, and a large eye, emblematic of the seal of the Committee, just

above it. On Montgomery st. there were several large flags raised with various mottoes, all of which were very attractive. At the corner of Washington street a large banner was displayed bearing the words "Pioneer Guards, Company A, V. C., organized May 16, 1856." Over the *Bulletin* office, corner of Merchant street, was placed a placard, in large letters, as follows: "The Vigilance Committee; their rule of action, the public good is the highest law." Large flags were displayed in Sacramento street, from a line running from the *Alt's California* building to the opposite side of the street. The procession moved along Third street to Market, down Market to Sansome, along Sansome to California, up California to Montgomery, down Montgomery to Clay, up Clay to Stockton, down Stockton to Vallejo, up Vallejo to Powell, down Powell to Washington, down Washington to Kearney, up Kearney to California, down California to Sansome, down Sansome to Clay, down Clay to Front, up Front to Sacramento, thence to headquarters. After the celebration ended and the various companies dismissed, a spontaneous reunion of several members of the Executive Committee, Marshal Doane and staff, the medical staff and several of the General Committee, took place at the Oriental Hotel. Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., President of the Executive Committee, in the course of his remarks, in reply to a toast, spoke of the good work already done by the Committee, and that they yet had much more to do. By example, by moral force, much could be accomplished. It was necessary to continue the good resulting so far from the exertion of the Committee, by continued vigilance, both as members of the Committee and as members of this community. The work of regenerating California society from the thralldom of bad men, and of vice, was commenced in earnest; and, by perfect union in the work, there could be no question but the beneficial effects of the same would be felt for years. The speaker hoped that the occasion might never again occur to call forth the mass of the intelligent and virtuous community to take arms in defense of their rights; but if, unfortunately, such a deplorable state of affairs should occur as to call for such action, there could be no question but that the thousands who had on this day and before taken an active part in the Committee, would respond with slavishness to the call, if made. The official report states that in the procession there were 5,137 men under arms. So ended the last official demonstration of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, one of the most extraordinary facts of the times.



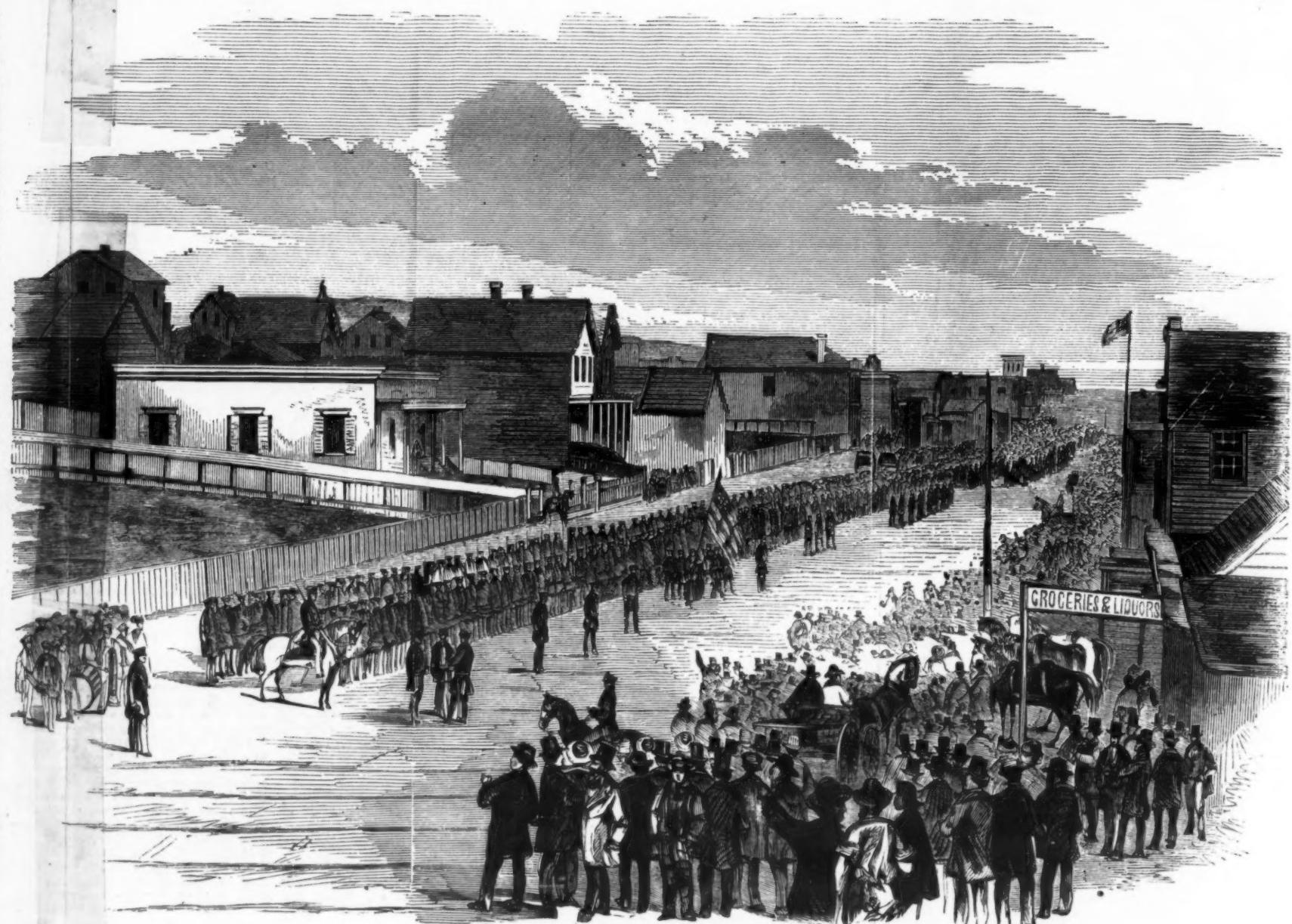
SCENE IN THE LAST GRAND PARADE AND REVIEW OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, SAN FRANCISCO. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY VANCE.

SCENE IN THE LAST GRAND PARADE AND REVIEW OF



CAMPERS, NEAR LECOMPTON, KANSAS TERRITORY. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE FURNISHED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

On Montgomery st. there were large flags raised with various all of which were very attractive at the corner of Washington a large banner was displayed the words "Pioneer Guards, May 4, V. C., organized May 6." Over the *Bulletin* office, of Merchant street, was placed word, in large letters, as follows: Vigilance Committee; their rule on, the public good is the highest." Large flags were displayed Madero street, from a line running from the *Alt California* building opposite side of the street. The procession moved along Third street west, down Market to Sansome, Sansome to California, up California, down Montgomery, down Montgomery to Clay, up Clay to Stockton, Stockton to Vallejo, up Vallejo well, down Powell to Washington Washington to Kearney, up Kearney to California, down California, down Sansome, down Sansome, down Clay to Front, up Front to Front, thence to headquarters. The celebration ended and the companies dismissed, a special reunion of several members of Executive Committee, Marshal and staff, the medical staff and of the General Committee, took place at the Oriental Hotel. Wm. T. [unclear], President of the Executive Committee, in the course of remarks, in reply to a toast, spoke of the good work already done by the Committee, and that they yet had more to do. By example, by force, much could be accomplished. It was necessary to continue the good resulting so far from the action of the Committee, by continuing vigilance, both as members of the Committee and as members of this society. The work of regenerating this society from the thrall of men, and of vice, was coming in earnest; and, by perfecting in the work, there could be no doubt but the beneficial effects of the work would be felt for years. The Committee hoped that the occasion might again occur to call forth the mass intelligent and virtuous community to take arms in defense of their rights, but if, unfortunately, such a state of affairs should occur again, there can be no question but that the men who had on this day and taken an active part in the Committee, would respond with alacrity to the call, if made. The official states that in the procession there were 5,137 men under arms. So the last official demonstration of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee was one of the most extraordinary in the times.



SCENE IN THE LAST GRAND PARADE AND REVIEW OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, SAN FRANCISCO. FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY VANCE.

CHARLES READE'S STORIES.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "PEG WOFFINGTON," "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "ART," &c., &c.
(Commenced in No. 40.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

PATRICK'S reply came in form of a question addressed to the company in general.

"Friends, since Corporal Patrick, of the 47th Foot, was ill amongst you, and partly out of his senses, has he done any dirty action, that this fellow comes and offers him money in exchange for a good name?"

"No, Mr. Patrick," said Robert, breaking silence for the first time. "You are an honest man, and a better man than ever stood in Dick Hickman's shoes."

Hickman bit his lip, and cast a wicked glance at Robert.

"And your daughter is as modest a lass as ever broke bread, for all her misfortune," cried Mrs. Hathorn.

"And none but a scoundrel would hope to cure the mischief he has done with money," cried the Mayfield.

"Spare me, good people," said Hickman, ironically.

"Ay, spare him," said Patrick, simply. "I have spared him this five years for Rachael's sake; but my patience is run out," roared the old man, and, lifting his staff, he made a sudden rush at the brazen Hickman. Casenower and old Hathorn interposed.

"Let him alone!" said Hickman, "you may be sure I sha'n't lift my hand against four score years. I'll go sooner," and he began to saunter off.

"What! you are a coward as well, are you?" roared Patrick. "Then I pity you. Begone, ye lump of dirt, with your idleness, your pride, your meanness, your money, and the shame of having offered it to a soldier like me, that has seen danger and glory."

"Well done, Mr. Patrick!" cried Hathorn; "that is an honor to a poor man to be able to talk like that."

"Yes, Mr. Patrick, that was well said."

"It is well said and well done."

Every eye was now bent with admiration on Patrick, and from him they turned with an universal movement of disdain to Hickman. The man writhed for a moment under this human lightning, difficult to resist, and then it was he formed a sudden resolution that took all present by surprise. Conscience pricked him a little, Rachael's coldness piqued him, jealousy of Robert stung him, general disdain annoyed him, and he longed to turn the tables on them all. Under this strange medley of feelings and motives, he suddenly wheeled round, and faced them all, with an air of defiance that made him look much handsomer than they had seen him yet, and he marched into the middle of them.

"I'll show you all that I am not so bad as you make me out—you, listen, old man. Rachael, say that you love me still, and that 'tis for my sake you refuse Bob Hathorn, as I believe it is, and the devil take me if I won't marry you now, for all that is come and gone." He then walked slowly and triumphantly past Robert Hathorn, on whom he looked down with superior scorn, and he came close up to Rachael, who was observed to tremble as he came near her. "Well, Rachael, my lass, I am Richard Hickman, and I offer you the ring before these witnesses—say yes, and you are the mistress of Bix farm, and Mrs. Hickman. O, I know the girl I make the offer to," added he, maliciously; "if you could not find out what she is worth, I could. Where are you all now? Name the day, Rachael, here is the man."

Rachael made no answer.

It was a strange situation, so strange that a dead silence followed Hickman's words. Marriage offered to a woman before a man's face who had tried to kill himself for her but yesterday, and offered by a man who had neglected her entirely for five years, and had declined her under more favorable circumstances. Then the motionless silence of the woman so addressed—they all hung upon her lips, poor Mr. Casenower not excepted, who feared that, now Rachael was to be Mrs. Hickman, Robert might turn to Mrs. Mayfield, and crush his new raised hopes.

As for Robert, he did everything he could to make Rachael say "Yes" to Hickman. He called up a dogged look of indifference, and held it on his face by main force. It is to be doubted, though, whether this imposed on Rachael. She stole a single glance at him under her long lashes, and at last her voice broke softly, but firmly, at them all, and it sounded like a bell, so hushed were they all, and so highly strung was their attention and expectation.

"I thank you, Richard Hickman; but I decline your offer."

"Are you in earnest, little girl?"

"Rachael," said Patrick, "think—are you sure you know your own mind?"

"Grandfather, to marry a man, I must swear in the face of Heaven to love and honor him. How could I respect Richard Hickman? If he was the only man left upon the earth, I could not marry him, and I would not. I would rather die!"

Robert drew a long breath.

"You have got your answer," said Patrick, "so now, if I was you, I'd be off."

"If I don't I'm a fool. I shall go to my uncle, he lives ninety miles from here, and you'll see I shall get a farm there and a wife and all, if so be you don't come there a reaping, Mr. Patrick."

"Heaven pardon you, then," said the old man, gravely. "You are but young; remember it is not too late to repair your ill conduct to us by good conduct to others—so now good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Daddy Patrick," said Hickman, with sudden humility. "Your servant, all the company," added he, taking off his hat. So saying, he went off. He had no sooner turned the corner than he repented him of the manner of his going; so, putting his hands in his pockets, he whistled the first verse of "The Ploughboy," until out of hearing. As these last sounds of Hickman died away, they all looked at one another in silence. Old Hathorn was the first to speak.

"That was uncommon spritely to refuse Hickman," said he, bluntly; "but you have too much pride, both of you."

"No, not I, farmer," said the old man, sorrowfully; "I have been proud, and high-spirited, too; but it is time that passed away from me. I am old enough to see from this world into another, and from this hour to my last (and that won't be long, I hope) I am patient; the sky is above the earth; my child has had wrong—cruel, bitter, undeserved wrong; but we will wait for Heaven's justice, since man has none for us, and we will take it when it comes, here or hereafter."

The fiery old man's drooping words brought the water into all their eyes, and Robert, in whose mind so sore a struggle had been raging, sprang to his feet.

"You speak well," he cried; "you are a righteous man, and my ill pride fails before your words; it is my turn to ask your daughter of you. Rachael, you take me for husband and friend for life. I loved you well enough to die for you, and now I love you well enough to live for you; Rachael, be my wife,—if you please."

"She won't say 'No!' this time," cried Rose Mayfield, archly.

"Thank you, Robert," said Rachael, mournfully, "I am more your friend than to say 'Yes!'"

"Rachael," cried Mrs. Hathorn, "if it is on our account, I never saw a lass I would like so well for a daughter-in-law as yourself."

"No, mother," said Robert; "it is on account of father. Father, if you will not be offended, I will put a question to you that I never thought to put to my father. Have I been a good son or a bad son to you these eight-and-twenty years?"

"Robert!" cried the old man, in a quivering tone, that showed these simple words had gone through and through his heart. Then he turned to Rachael: "My girl, I admire your pride; but have pity on my poor boy and me."

"And on yourself," put in Mrs. Mayfield.

"May Heaven bless you, Mr. Hathorn!" said Rachael. "If I say 'No!' to Robert, I have a reason that need offend no one. Folk would never believe I was not in fault; they would cast his wife's story in his teeth, and sting us both to death, for he is proud, and I am proud too. And what have I gone through,—O, it has made me as bitter as gall!—as bitter as gall!"

"Rachael Wright," cried the old corporal, sternly, "listen to me!"

"Rachael Wright," yelled Casenower. "O gracious Heavens!—Rachael Wright,—it is—it must be. I knew it was an odd combination,—I got it into my head it was 'Rebecca Reid.' Is this Rachael Wright, sir?"

"Of course it is," said the corporal peevishly.

"Then I have got something for her from my late partners. I'll find it,—it is at the bottom of my seeds," and away scampered Casenower.

He presently returned, and interrupted a rebuke Mr. Patrick was administering to Rachael, by giving her a long envelope. She opened it with surprise,

and ran her eye over it, for she was what they call in the country a capital scholar. Now, as she read, her face changed and changed like an April sky, and each change was a picture and a story. They looked at her in wonder as well as curiosity. At last a lovely red mantled in her pale cheek, and a smile like a rainbow, a smile those present had never seen on her face, came back to her from the past. The paper dropped from her hands as she stretched them out, like some benign goddess or nymph, all love, delicacy, and grace.

"Robert," she cried, and she need have said no more, for the little word "Robert," as she said it, was a volume of love, "Robert, I love, I always loved you. I am happy—happy—happy!" and threw her arm round Robert's neck, and cried and sobbed, and, crying and sobbing, told him again and again how happy she was.

"Hallo!" cried Hathorn, cheerfully, "wind has shifted in your favor, apparently, Bob."

Mrs. Mayfield picked up the paper. "This has done it," cried she, and she read it out *pro bono*. The paper contained the copy of a will made by Rachael's aunt, a year before she died. The sour old lady, being wrath with Rachael on account of her misconduct in getting victimized, but not quite so wrath as with her graceless nephew, had taken a medium course. She had not destroyed this will, as she had done the other, by which graceless nephew was to benefit, but she hid it in the wall, safe as ever magpie hid thimble, and, dying somewhat suddenly, she died intestate to all appearance. This old lady was immeasurably fond of the old ramshackle house she lived in. So after a while, to show his contempt of her, graceless nephew had the house pulled down; the workmen picked out of the wall the will in question. An old servant of the lady, whom graceless nephew had turned off, lived hard by, and was sorrowfully watching the demolition of the house, when the will was picked out. Old servant read the will, and found herself down for £100. Old servant took the will to a firm of solicitors, no other than Casenower's late partners. They sent down to Rachael's village; she and Patrick were gone; a neighbor said they were reaping somewhere in Oxfordshire. The firm sent a copy of the will to Casenower as a forlorn hope, and employed a person to look out for Rachael's return to her own place, as the best chance of doing business with her. By the will, £2,000 and Bix Farm were bequeathed to Rachael.

"Bix Farm! Three hundred acres!" cried Hathorn.

"Bix Farm,—the farm Hickman is on," cried Rose Mayfield. "Kick him out, he has no lease. If you don't turn him out neck and crop before noon to-morrow, I'm a dead woman."

"The farm is Robert's," said Rachael; "and so is all I have to give him, if he will accept it." And though she looked at Mrs. Mayfield, she still clung to Robert.

Robert kissed her, and looked so proudly at them all! "Have I chosen ill?" said Robert's eyes.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN everybody sees how a story will end, the story is ended.

Robert and Rachael live on their own farm, Bix; Corporal Patrick sits by their fireside.

People laugh at Mr. Casenower's eccentricities; but it is found unsafe to laugh at them in presence of Mrs. Casenower, late Mayfield.

I think I cannot conclude better than by quoting a few words that passed between Mrs. Hathorn and Corporal Patrick, as they all sat round one table that happy evening.

"Rose," said this homely good creature, "I do notice that trouble comes to all of us at one time or other; and I think they are the happiest that have their trouble (like these two children) in the morning of their days."

"Ay, dame," said the Corporal, taking up the word, "and after that a bright afternoon, and a quiet evening, as mine will be now, please God!"

Friendly reader, (for I have friendly as well as unfriendly readers,) I do not wish you a day without a cloud, for you are human, and I, though a writer, am not at all humbug. But, in ending this tale, permit me to wish you a bright afternoon, and tranquil evening, and, above all, a clear sky when the sun goes down.

ART:
A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY CHARLES READE.

EARLY in the last century, two young women were talking together in a large room, richly furnished. One of these was Susan, cousin and dependant of Mrs. Anne Oldfield; the other was a flower-girl, whom that lady had fascinated by her scenic talent. The poor girl was but one of many persons over whom Mrs. Oldfield had cast a spell; and yet this actress had not reached the zenith of her reputation.

The town, which does not always know its own mind about actors, applauded one or two of her rivals more than her, and fancied it admired them more.

Oldfield was the woman (there is always one) who used the tones of nature upon the stage, in that day; she ranted at times like her neighbors, but she never ranted out of tune like them; her declamation was nature, alias art,—thundering; theirs was artifice,—raving. Her treatment of words was as follows: she mastered them in the tone of household speech; she then gradually built up these simple tones into a gorgeous edifice of music and meaning; but though dilated, heightened, and embellished, they never lost their original truth. Her rivals started from a lie, so, the higher they soared, the farther they left truth behind them; they do the same thing now, pretty universally.

The public is a very good judge, and no judge at all of such matters: I will explain.

Let the stage voice and the dramatic voice, the artificial and artistic, the bastard and the legitimate, the false and true, be kept apart upon separate stages, and there is no security that the public will not, as far as hands go, applaud the monotone or lie, more than the melodious truth. But set the lie and the truth side by side, upon fair terms, and the public becomes what the critics of this particular art have never been, a critic; and stage bubbles, that have bubbled for years, are liable to burst in a single night.

Mrs. Oldfield was wise enough, even in her generation, to know that the public's powers of comparison require that the things to be compared shall be placed cheek by jowl before it; and this is why she had for some time maneuvered to play, foot to foot, against Mrs. Bracegirdle, the champion of the stage.

Bracegirdle, strong in position, tradition, face, figure, and many qualities of an actor, was by no means sorry of an opportunity to quench a rising rival; and thus the two ladies were to act together in "The Rival Queens," within a few days of our story.

Roxana MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Mrs. OLDFIELD.

The town, whose heart at that epoch was in the theatre, awaited this singular struggle in a state of burning excitement we no longer realize.

Susan Oldfield, first-cousin of the tragedian, was a dramatic aspirant. Anne's success having travelled into the provinces, her aunt, Susan's mother, said to Susan, who was making a cream-cheese, "You go an' act too, lass!"

"I will," said Susan, a-making of cream-cheese.

Anne's mother remonstrated, "She can't do it."

Then ensued some reasoning.

"Anne," said the tragedian's mother, "was born clever. I can't account for it. She was always mimicking. She took off the excise-man, and the farmers, and her grandmother, and the very parson, how she used to make us laugh!" Mimicking! why it was like a looking glass, and the folks standing in front of it, and speaking behind it, all at one time. Once I made her take me off; she was very loath, poor lass. I think she knew she could not do it so well as the rest; it warn't like, though it made them all laugh more than the others; but the others were as like as fog to fog. Now, Susan, she can't take off nothing, without 'tis the scald cream from the milk, and I've seen me beat her at that, I'm not bragging."

To this piece of ratiocination, Susan's mother opposed the following:

"Talent is in the blood," said she. (This implies that great are all the first cousins of the great.)

Anne's mother might have weakened this by examples at her own door, wit, the excise-man, who was a clever fellow, and his son an ass. But she preferred keeping within her own line of argument, and as the ladies floated, by a law of their nature, away from that to which lawyers tend, an issue, they drafted divagely over the great pacific ocean of feminine logic. At last a light shot into Susan's mamma: she found terra firma, i. e. an argument strong for refutation.

"Of course it is," said the corporal peevishly.

"Then I have got something for her from my late partners. I'll find it,—it is at the bottom of my seeds," and away scampered Casenower.

He presently returned, and interrupted a rebuke Mr. Patrick was administering to Rachael, by giving her a long envelope. She opened it with surprise,

and ran her eye over it, for she was what they call in the country a capital scholar. Now, as she read, her face changed and changed like an April sky, and each change was a picture and a story. They looked at her in wonder as well as curiosity. At last a lovely red mantled in her pale cheek, and a smile like a rainbow, a smile those present had never seen on her face, came back to her from the past. The paper dropped from her hands as she stretched them out, like some benign goddess or nymph, all love, delicacy, and grace.

Susan arrived, told her story and her hopes, on Anne's neck. Anne laughed, and made room for her on the third floor. The cousins went to the theatre that evening, the aspirant in front.

Susan passed through various emotions, and when Belvidera "gazed, turned giddy, raved, and died," she ran to the stage door, with some misgivings whether she might not be wanted to lay her cousin out. In Anne's dressing-room she found a laughing dame, who, whilst wiping off her rouge, told her she was a fool, and asked her rather sharply, "how it went?"

"The people clapped their hands! I could have kissed them," said Susan. "As if I could not hear that, child," said Anne. "I want to know how many cried where you were—"

"Now, how can I tell you, cousin, when I could not see for crying myself?"

"You cried, did you? I am very glad of that!"

"La, cousin!"

"It does not prove much, but it proves more than their clapping of hands. You shall be my barber's block,—you don't understand me,—all the better,—come home to supper.

At supper, the tragedian made the dairy-maid tell her every little village event; and, in her turn, recalled all the rural personages; and, reviving the trick of her early youth, imitated their looks, manners, and sentiments, to the life.

She began with the excise-man, and ended with the curate,—a white-headed old gentleman, all learning, piety, and simplicity. He had seen in this beautiful and gifted woman only a lamb that he was to lead up to Heaven—please God.

The naughtiest things we do are sure to be the cleverest, and this imitation made Susan laugh more than the others.

But in the midst of it, the mimic suddenly paused, and her eyes seemed to turn inward: she was quite silent for a moment.

Ah! Oldfield, in that one moment, I am

ago, whose merit would have been greater had she died fifty years ago, and much greater had she never lived at all."

Here Susan offered her half a dozen letters, including the smuggled notes; but the sweet-tempered soul (being for the moment in her tantrums) would not look at them. "I know what they are," said she; "Vanity, in marvellous thin disguise; my flatterers are so eloquent, that they will persuade me into marrying poor old Mannerings,—every morning he writes me four pages, and tells me my duty; every evening he neglects his own, and goes to the theatre, which is unbecoming his age, I think."

"He looks a very wise gentleman," observed Susan.

"He does," was the rejoinder, "but his folly reconciles me in some degree to his wisdom; so, mark my words, I shall marry my silly sage. There, burn all the rest but his—not don't burn the letter in verse!"

"In verse?"

"Yes! I won't have him burnt either,—for he loves me, poor boy! Find it, Susan; for he never misses a day. I think I should like to know that one."

"I think this is it," said Susan."

"Then read it out expressively, whilst I mend this collar. So then I shall estimate your progress to the temple of Fame, ma'am."

It is not easy to do justice on paper to Susan's recitative; but, in fact, she read it much as schoolboys scan, and what she read to her cousin for a poet's love hopped thus:

"Excuse—mē déar—est fréind—if I—should appéar
Tō prēss—ing bùt—at my—yeaars óne—has not
Much time—to lōse—and yóur—göod séns—I fél—"

"My good sense!" cried Mrs. Oldfield; "how can that be poetry?"

"It is poetry, I know," remonstrated Susan. "See, cousin, it's all of a length."

"All of a length with your wit,—that is the Mannerings prose."

"Draw them, if they write in lines how is one to know their prose from their verse?" said Susan, spitefully.

"I'll tell you, Susan," said the other, soothingly; "their prose is something as like Mannerings as can be, their verse is something in this style:

"You were not made to live from age to age;
The dally yawns for you—and not the stage!"

"He! he!"

She found what she sought, and, reading out herself the unknown writer's verses, she said, with some feminine complacency, "Yes! this is a heart I have really penetrated."

"I've penetrated one, too," said Susan.

"Indeed!" was the reply; "how did you contrive that, not with the spit, I hope?"

Thus encouraged, Susan delivered herself most volubly of a secret that had long burned in her. She proceeded to relate how she had observed a young gentleman always standing by the stage-door as they got into their chariot, and when they reached home, somehow he was always standing there too. "It was not for you, this one," said Susan, hastily, "because you are so wrapped up, he could not see you." Then she told her cousin how, once when they were walking separately, this same young gentleman had said to her, most tenderly, "Madam, you are in the service of Mrs. Oldfield?" and, on another occasion, he had got as far as "Madam," when unfortunately her cousin looked round, and he vanished. Susan, then throwing off the remains of her res rep, and clasping her hands together, confessed she admired him as much as he did her. Susan gave this reason for her affection: "He is, for all the world, like one of the young tragedie princes, and you know what ducks they are."

"I do to my cost," was the caustic reply. "I wish, instead of talking about this silly lover of yours, who must be a fool, or he would have made a fool of you long ago, you would find out who is the brave young gentleman who risked his life for me last month. Now I think of it, I am quite interested in him."

"Risked his life! and you never told me, Anne?"

"Robert told you, of course."

"No, indeed!"

"Did he not? then I will tell you the whole story. You have heard me speak of the Duchess of Tadcaster?"

"No, cousin, never!"

"I wonder at that! Well, she and Lady Betsy Bertie and I used to stroll in Richmond Park with our arms round one another's waists, like the Graces, more or less, and kiss one another, ugh! and swear a deathless friendship, like liars and fools as we are. But her Grace of Tadcaster had never anything to do, and I had my business, so I could not always be plagued with her; so for this the little idiot now aspires to my enmity, and knowing none but the most vulgar ways of showing a sentiment, she bids her coachman drive her empty carriage against mine, containing me. Child, I thought the world was at an end: the glasses were broken, the wheels locked, and all my little sins began to appear such big ones to me; and the brute kept whipping the horses, and they plunged so horribly, when a brave young gentleman sprang to their heads, tore them away, and gave her nasty coachman such a caning." Here Oldfield clinched a charming white fist; then, lifting up her eyes, she said tenderly, "Heaven grant no harm befell him afterwards, for I drove off, and left him to his fate!"

Charming sensibility! an actress's!

In return for this anecdote, Susan was about to communicate some further particulars on the subject which occupied all her secret thoughts, when she was interrupted by a noise and scuffle in the anteroom, high above which were heard the loud, harsh tones of a stranger's voice, exclaiming, "But I tell ye I will see her, ye saucy Jack."

Before this personage bursts upon Mrs. Oldfield, and the rest of us, I must go back and take up the other end of my knot in the ancient town of Coventry.

Nathan Oldworthy dwelt there; a flourishing attorney; he had been a clerk; he came to be the master of clerks; his own ambition was satisfied; but his son Alexander, a youth of parts, became the centre of a second ambition. Alexander was to embrace the higher branch of the legal profession; was to be, first pleader, then barrister, then king's counsel, lastly, a judge; and contemporaneously with this final distinction, the old attorney was to sing "Nunc Dimittis," and "Capias" no more.

By-standers are obliging enough to laugh at such schemes; but why? The heart is given to them, and they are no laughing matter to those who form them: such schemes destroyed, the flavor is taken out of human lives.

When Nathan sent his son to London, it was a proud, though a sad day for him; hitherto he had looked upon their parting merely as the first step of a glorious ladder; but when the coach took young Alexander out of sight, the father found how much he loved him, and paced very, very slowly home, while Alexander glided contentedly on towards London.

Now, "London" means a different thing to every one of us; to one, it is the Temple of Commerce; to another, of Themis; to a third, of Thespis; and to a fourth, of the Paphian Venus; and so on, because we are all much narrower than men ought to be. To Nathan Oldworthy it was the sacred spot where the gods of law. To Alexander it was the sacred spot where (being from the country) he thought to find the nine Muses in bodily presence, —his favorite Melomachs at their head. Nathan knew next to nothing about his own son, a not uncommon arrangement. Alexander, upon the whole, rather loathed law, and adored poetry. In those days youths had not learned to "frown in a glass, and write odes to despair," and be dubbed a duck by tender beauty confounding sulks with sorrow. Alexander had to woo the Muse clandestinely, and so wooed her sincerely. He went with a manuscript tragedy in his pocket, called "Berenice," which he had re-written and re-shaped three several times; with a head full of ideas, and a heart tuned to truth, beauty, and goodness. Arrived there, he was installed in the neighborhood, and under the secret surveillance, of his father's friend, Timothy Bateman, Solicitor of Gray's Inn.

If you had asked Alexander Oldworthy, upon the coach, who is the greatest of mankind, his answer would have been instantaneous, a true poet! But the first evening he spent in London raised a doubt of this in his mind, for he discovered a being brighter, nobler, truer, greater than even a poet.

At four Alexander reached London. At five he was in his first theatre.

That sense of the beautiful, which belongs to genius, made him see beauty in the semicircular sweep of the glowing boxes; in gilt ornaments glorious with light: and, above all, in human beings gayly dressed, and radiant with expectation. And all these things are beautiful; only gross, rustic senses cannot see it, and blunted town senses can see it no longer.

Before the play began, music attacked him on another side; and all combined with youth and novelty to raise him to a high key of intellectual enjoyment; and when the ample curtain rose, slowly and majestically, upon Mr. Otway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved," it was an era in this young life.

Poetry rose from the dead before his eyes this night. She lay no longer entombed in print. She floated around the scene, ethereal, but palpable. She breathed and burned in heroic shapes, and godlike tones, and looks of fire.

Presently there glided among the other figures one that by enchantment

seized the poet's eye, and made all that his predecessors had ever written in praise of grace and beauty seem tame by comparison.

She spoke, and his frame vibrated to this voice. All his senses drank in her great perfections, and he thrilled with wonder and enthusiastic joy, that this our earth contained such a being. He seemed to see the Eve of Milton, with Madonna's glory crowning her head, and immortal music gushing from her lips.

The lady was, in point of fact, Mrs. Oldfield,—the Belvidera of the play.

Alexander thought he knew "Venice Preserved" before this; but he found, as the greatest wits must submit to discover, that in the closet a good play is but the corpse of a play; the stage gives it life. (The printed words of a play are about one third of a play; the tones and varying melodies of beautiful and artful speech are another third; and the business, gesture, and that great visible story, the expression of the speaking, and the dumb play of the silent actors, are another third.)

Belvidera's voice, full, sweet, rich, piercing, and melodious, and still in its vast compass true to the varying sentiment of all she uttered, seemed to impregnate every line with double meaning and treble beauty. Her author dilated into giant size and godlike beauty at the touch of that voice. And when she was silent she still spoke to Alexander's eye, for her face was more eloquent than vulgar tongues are. Her dumb-play from the first to the last moment of the scene was as high a key as her elocution. Had she not spoken one single word, still she would have written in the air by the side of Otway's syllables a great pictorial narrative, that filled all the chinks of his sketch with most rare and excellent colors of true flesh tint, and made that sketch a picture.

Here was a new art for our poet; and as, by that just arrangement which pervaded the universe, "acting" is the most triumphant of all the arts to compensate it for being the most evanescent, what wonder that he thrilled beneath its magic, and worshipped its priestess.

He went home filled with a new sense of being,—all seemed cold, dark, and tame, until he could return and see this poetess-orator-witch and her enchantments once more.

In those days they varied the entertainments in London almost as they do in the provinces now; and Alexander, who went to the theatre six nights a week, saw Mrs. Oldfield's beauty and talent in many shapes. Her power of distinct personation was very great. Her Andromache, her Ismena, and Belvidera, were all different beings. Also each of her tragic personations left upon the mind a type. One night young Oldworthy saw majesty, another tenderness, another fiery passion, personified and embodied in a poetic creation.

But a fresh surprise was in store for him: the next week comedy happened to be in the ascendant; and Mrs. Oldfield, whose émigré in character was always the key-note of her personation, sprang upon the stage as Lady Townley, and in a moment the air seemed to fill with singing birds that chirped the pleasures of youth, beauty, and fashion, in notes that sparkled like diamonds, stars, and prisms. Her genuine gushing gaiety warmed the coldest and cheered the forlornest heart. Nor was she less charming in the last act, where Lady Townley's good sense being at last alarmed, and her good heart touched, she bowed her saucy head, and begged her Lord's pardon, with tender, unaffected penitence. The tears stood thick in Alexander's eyes during that charming scene, where in a prose comedy the author has had the courage and the beauty to spread his wings and rise in a moment into verse with the rising sentiment.

To this succeeded "Maria" in "The Conjurer," and "Indiana" in what the good soul of that day were pleased to call the comedy of "The Conscious Lovers," in the course of which comedy Indiana made Alexander weep more constantly, continuously, and copiously, than in all the tragedies of the epoch had as yet witnessed.

So now Alexander Oldworthy lived for the stage; and, as the pearl is the disease of the oyster, so this Siren became Alexander's disease. The enthusiast lost his hold of real life. Real life became to him an *interlude*, and soon that followed which was to be expected: the poor novice, who had begun by adoring the artist, ended by loving the woman, and he loved her like a novice and a poet; he looked into his own heart, confounded it with hers, and clothed her with every heroic quality. He believed her as great in mind, and as good in heart, as she was lovely in person, and he would have given poems to be permitted to kiss her dress, or to lay his neck for a moment under her foot. Burning to attract her attention, yet too humble and timid to make an open attempt, he had at last recourse to his own art. Every day he wrote verses upon her, and sent them to her house. Every night after the play, he watched at the stage door for a glimpse of her as she came out of the theatre to her carriage, and being lighter of foot than the carriage-horses of his century, he generally managed to catch another glimpse of her as she stepped from her carriage into her own house.

But all this led to no results, and Alexander's heart was often very cold and sick. Whilst he sat at the play he was in Elysium; but when, after seeing this divinity vanish, he returned to his lodgings and looked at his attachment by the light of one candle, despondency fell like a weight of ice upon him, and he was miserable till he had written her some verses. The verses writ, he was miserable till play-time.

One night he stood as usual at the stage door after the performance, watching for Mrs. Oldfield, who, in a general way, was accompanied by her cousin Susan. This night, however, she was alone; and, having seen her enter her chariot, Alexander was about to start for her house to see her get down from it, when suddenly another carriage came into contact with Mrs. Oldfield's. The collision was violent, and Mrs. Oldfield screamed with unaffected terror, at which scream Alexander sprang to the horses of the other carriage, and seizing one of them just above the curb, drew him violently back. To his surprise, instead of co-operating with him, the adverse coachman whipped both his horses, and, whether by accident or design, the lash fell twice on Alexander. Jehu never made a worse investment of whip-cord. The young man drew himself back upon the pavement, and sprang with a single bound upon the near horse's quarters; from thence to the coach-box. Contemporaneously with his arrival there, he knocked the coachman out of his seat on to the roof of his carriage, and then seizing his whip, broke it in one moment into a stick, and he was miserable till he had written her some verses. Then, springing to the ground with one bound, he turned the horses' heads, belabored them with the mutilated whip, and off they trotted gently home.

Alexander ran to Mrs. Oldfield's carriage window, his cheeks burning, his eyes blazing. "They are gone, madam," said he, with a rough timidity. The actress looked at him, and smiled on him, and said, "So I see, sir, and I am much obliged to you." She was then about to draw back to her corner, but suddenly she reflected, and, half beckoning Alexander, who had drawn back, she said, "My dear, learn for me whose carriage that was." Alexander turned to gain the information, but it was volunteered by one of the by-standers.

"It is the Duchess of Tadcaster's, Mrs. Oldfield."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Oldfield, "the little beast!" (this polite phrase she uttered with a most majestic force of sovereign contempt); "thank you, sir; bid Robert drive me home, my child," (this to Alexander,) on which a bystander sang out, "You are to drive home, Robert—Buckingham Gate, the corner house."

At this sally Mrs. Oldfield smiled with perfect composure, but did not look at the speaker. As the carriage moved, she leaned gently forward, and kissed her hand like a queen to Alexander, then nestled into her corner and went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

STRIKING REPLY OF A DEAF AND DUMM CHILD.—A gentlewoman in Paris, superintendent of an institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children, was asked by a friend permission to propose an inquiry to the children under her care, with a view to ascertain the extent of their mental improvement. Having obtained the permission, he wrote the question on the wall, "Does God reason?" One of the children immediately wrote underneath: "God knows and sees everything. Reasoning signifies doubt and uncertainty; therefore God does not reason."

FANEUIL HALL AND MARKET, BOSTON, MASS.
No building in the Union is more familiar to the people of the Union than Faneuil Hall. It is the "cradle of liberty" of orators, and a very useful and excellent structure for practical purposes to masses of fact people. Just at this time is being held the annual Fair of the Mechanics' Charitable Association of Boston in the long and commodious room over the market, which is seen in the rear of the Hall. This excellent Fair is deservedly popular with the Bostonians and with the people of the State, and is contributed to liberally from every quarter, presenting at times a fair rivalry with our American Institute. Faneuil Hall is situated in Dock Square, is 100 feet long, eighty wide, and three stories high. The hall is seventy-six feet square, twenty-eight feet high, with galleries on three sides. The building was presented to the citizens of Boston,

in 1742, by Peter Faneuil, Esq., who thus by a generous act preserved his name from the usual oblivion of men only rich. Faneuil Hall Market was, at the time of its erection, considered to be one of the finest structures of the kind in the United States. It is upwards of 500 feet long, fifty wide and two stories high, with a fine dome; it was erected in 1828, at a cost of \$150,000. The second story, called Quincy Hall—in which the Fair now in progress is held—is so constructed that it can be occupied by several apartments or thrown into one. Altogether, it is suited to the purposes for which it is erected, and, with similar buildings in Philadelphia and other cities, shames the old rookeries of Gotham, that is disgraced by its shambles—denominated markets.

SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES GRAND-JURY ROOM.

EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

AMONG the old foggy institutions of our country may be reckoned our "Grand Juries." They have eminently retained their respectability, and present in spite of innovation about the same excellent character so far as their composition is concerned, that they did in the "better days of the Republic." The U. S. Grand Jury is generally a more reputable body than those attached to our State Courts. Before it comes specialties, persons charged with counterfeiting coin, robbing the post office, getting up slaves in our ports, mutiny and piracy on high seas. Before the U. S. Grand Juries appear the poor sailors, generally acting as defendants, rarely complainants. Having no local interests to appeal to while on shore, they are made the sport of fortune, and are probably the worst treated, and most abused men we have among us, claiming to be American citizens. Hard cases are continually presented where poor Jack is shown to be beaten, manacled, starved, and tormented through a long voyage, yet there is scarcely an instance where the guilty parties are punished. A little delay takes the witnesses "off on another voyage," and all the satisfaction poor Jack obtains, "a long confinement in the Tombs, or some other prison, so that he may be on hand "to prosecute." On the recent sitting of the Grand Jury, the usual number of substantial citizens, "solid men," came together, and when organized, the Hon. ex-Mayor James Harper was duly elected foreman. His honor is not only overflowing with the milk of human kindness, but he has a great love for the humorous joined with a stern sense of justice; so he was just the man for the place, and while doing his duty managed to dispense justice with mercy. Among the incidents occurring in the course of the "judicial investigations" was the one so happily sketched by a gentleman on the Jury and furnished for our columns. It seems that a sailor, under the influence of passion, and bad liquor, and unqualified abuse, had struck "his Captain," and in turn was assaulted "by the combined officers," and of course got the worst of it. On his arrival in New York he was put in prison, and finally brought before the Grand Jury to give an account of himself. The examination was made as follows.

Foreman. "You say, sir, that you were not guilty of mutiny?"

Sailor. "Guilty of mutiny, yer honor; what may that be? I'm an old sailor for thirty years, and never been in that port in my life, yer honor."

Foreman. "Did you not endeavor to create an outbreak, or keep your brother sailors from obeying orders?"

* Sailor. "No, yer honor; I was shipped as a fo'-castle hand, and did my duty like a parson at grub time."

Foreman. "Did you not make an assault on the captain of the ship?"

Sailor. "Assault, yer honor! No, sir. You see, the skipper took a dislike to me, because I called his ship a bloody old blubber hunter, and when he came bearing down on me, I run out fenders to keep him off, yer honor."

Foreman. "Is it usual for sea captains to come 'bearing down,' as you term it, on sailors for calling their ships 'bloody blubber hunters'?"

Sailor. "Not a bit of it, yer honor; for what is a fellow to do if he can't blow a bit of a squall without getting ruffles on his fore sweeps, and his hatchways stove in, to say nothing of his top-lights and sky scrapers?"

Ex-Mayor Harper, (rather puzzled.) "



EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MECHANICS' CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION—FANEUIL HALL AND MARKET, BOSTON.



WITNESS.

EX-MAYOR JAMES HARPER, FOREMAN.

SCENE IN THE GRAND JURY, U. S. SUPREME COURT, SKETCHED BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS. EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.



MONTGOMERY COUNTY COURT HOUSE, NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

MONTGOMERY COURT-HOUSE, NORRISTOWN,
PENNSYLVANIA.

NORRISTOWN, the capital of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, is on the left bank of the Schuylkill River, ninety-one miles east of Harrisburg, and seventeen miles north-west of Philadelphia, with which it is connected by railroad. The situation is elevated and beautiful, the town is regularly planned and built in a neat and substantial manner. The new Court-house, of which we give a splendid illustration, was commenced in 1851, and is one of the most faithful and costly buildings of its class in the United States. The material is a native marble of a light gray color. The building fronts Swede street, and is 196 feet in length; the Court-room, which is in the centre of the building, is sixty-four feet wide and ninety feet long, and the wings at either end are sixty-six feet long by forty-seven wide. The cost of this splendid structure is estimated at \$160,000.

The town also contains other public buildings, among which are ten handsome churches, a jail, a bank, a public library, and boarding schools. The Schuylkill at this place is crossed by two substantial covered bridges, one 890 feet in length; one of them leads to Bridgeport, on the opposite side of the bank. Gas-light was introduced into the town in 1853. The improved navigation of the river affords facilities for the trade of the town, which is active and increasing. The abundant water of the river is used in two large cotton-factories, rolling-mills and nail-factories, which employ several hundred operatives. The Reading railroad, which passes along the opposite bank of the river, opens a ready communication to the coal mines in Schuylkill county. On the banks of the now beautiful, romantic and winding river Schuylkill are quite a number of extensive lime-quarries. One of these has twenty-four kilns in operation, and quarries, burns and sells yearly over \$20,000 bushels of lime. Population seven thousand.

MICHAEL B. MENARD, FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF
GALVESTON.

No State in the Union has within its limits more living heroes than Texas. Its history is of such a recent date that many of the men most memorable in its foundation are still in health and unabated vigor. Among those most honored while living was Michael B. Menard, widely known as the founder of the city of Galveston. He was born at the little village of La Prairie, near Montreal, Canada, on the 5th of December, 1805. His parents were French. At the age of sixteen he engaged in the North-Western Fur Trade, in the employ of an American Company at Detroit. At about nineteen he went to Missouri, at the solicitation of his uncle, Pierre Menard, then Lieutenant-Governor, and an extensive Indian trader, and for several years traded for him among the Indians. Becoming attached to Indian life, he determined to remain among them, and was elected

Chief by the powerful tribe of the Shawnees, which station he held for several years. His influence over them, and other tribes among whom he was known, was very great. Truth, justice, honor and

courage were instinct in his character and displayed in all his actions—qualities which command confidence and affection among all men—the red and black, even more than the white. The Indians still cherish his name, and it is a common expression among them, speaking of him by his Indian name, "*Michelée never deceived us.*" A few years ago, a brother of Tecumseh, with several other Shawnees, came to Galveston to see him. His meeting with them was affecting. They went to his house, but would not enter. He sat on the ground with them for hours, and they begged him to go back again and be their Chief. Such was his known influence with the Indians that at one time he was in treaty with the United States Government for the removal of all the tribes of North-western Indians to the present country of Utah and California. This, of course, was never consummated, but we have heard him say that he came very near uniting all the Indian tribes into one great nation, and being their king, with over 100,000 subjects. About 1833 or 1834 he came to Texas, settled at Nacogdoches and traded with the Mexicans and Indians. When the revolution broke out, the Mexicans endeavored to incite the Indian tribes on our north-eastern frontier to overrun and desolate the country. At the solicitation of the Texas government, Colonel Menard went among them, and by his personal exertions no doubt prevented an invasion and kept them quiet. He was a member of the Convention which declared the independence of Texas and formed the constitution of the republic. In 1839 he was a member of Congress from Galveston county. In December, 1836, the first Congress of the republic, for the price of \$50,000, granted to Col. Menard the league of land on which Galveston now stands, then unoccupied by a single habitation. He was emphatically the founder of the city. From that day to this he has been identified with every step of the progress of that city. Of enlarged public spirit and the truest benevolence, there has been no enterprise which has not received his helping hand. No man possessed a larger share of the confidence and respect of the entire community, or a stronger hold on its regard and affection.

COL. MICHAEL B. MENARD, FOUNDER OF GALVESTON, TEXAS.
AMBOYTTED BY ANDERSON.

DIPLOMATIC REPARTEE.—In regard to our minister to France, by the way, there is a pleasant little story travelling in diplomatic circles here. It appears that Mr. Marcy was at once rather repining at the absence of a French minister at Washington equal to support the dignity of the empire, and a remark imputed to him that the present incumbent, M. Sartiges, was not precisely the minister we desired, was borne by some mischievous individual in Paris to the ears of Drouyn de L'Huys, Louis Napoleon's minister of foreign affairs. Whereupon the French statesman, with a sly shrug of his shoulders, replied: "We have only reciprocated imperfectly the diplomatic compliment which Marcy has sent to us."

It is stated that over sixty thousand barrels of lager beer will be manufactured this year in Milwaukee alone.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOMAS ASH.—After a few weeks' absence, on a "shaking" tour, as a sort of political *Globe* chess editor, he again at his post. The correspondence, problems, etc., that have accumulated will have to wait patiently for another number. They will all receive attention at our earliest convenience. Among the most pleasant incidents of our late mission was a dinner and cosy chat with the great New England chess player, Mr. G. Hammond, of Boston. Our readers may remember a brilliant *Musko* gambit—with a problem-mate in three moves—published many months since, without the names of the players. We learned at this interview that Mr. H. conducted the attack, and "the editor" the defense, some time ago. We shall have more to say of Mr. Hammond and his chess skill one of these days.

OPENING OF THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—On Thursday, October 2d, the regular meetings of the Club will commence at their spacious rooms, No. 19 East Twelfth street. Our "venerable friend" Mr. Secretary Perrin, will be found as usual with his sunny smile of welcome, "sitting at the receipt of customs" ready to receive old friends and as many new ones as may choose to visit them. We will agree that one and all improve this occasion to "step up to the Captain's office and s-e-t-i-c-e." With the increased advantages and attractions of the Club since the removal to its present eligible location and pleasant and commodious quarters, we confidently expect a large accession to our numbers during the coming season. Application to the Secretary and the payment of \$5. annual dues, are all the requisites of membership. Come along, friends—you who wish to learn the game or improve upon your present strength. A finer set of gentlemen than those composing the New York Chess Club, will not be found associated together in this or any other country.

BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB.—We accepted a pressing invitation of the Secretary, the other night, and paid a visit to the Brooklyn Club. They have fine rooms, a good chess library, excellent boards and men, and very strong players, of whom we specially notice Messrs. Roberts, Horner, North, Weeks and Phillips, a promising "institution." Brooklyn, however, is a mere town. Ansonia abounds in chess from the "Fuller Chess-Men."

"These may be seen in Bainbridge & Co.'s, No. 47 Cliff street. We have frequent inquiries, personally and by letter, in regard to these chess-men, but can not conscientiously recommend their purchase until their workmen turn out a more finished article than we have yet seen, and come much nearer to our pattern of the knight."

Will their principal article call upon us at an early day?

VOTED.—*The Duke of York*, Esq., the chess player, star problem composer and ardent chess enthusiast, has received a host of highly complimentary resolutions from the New York Chess Club, of which he has been elected an honorary member, for his earnest and successful efforts to promote their comfort and convenience during the long summer vacation. "Mine host" of that elegant and recherche hotel, the "St. Denis," has graciously granted to their exclusive use a large and delightfully cool and pleasant room, with boards, lights, etc., and has even been on hand for a tilt with all comers. It is our private opinion, thus publicly expressed, that he deserves something more substantial than the thanks due for his uniform kindness and courtesy.

POLYRUS.—"The Iowa Opening" is good, but the *Moscow Gambit* we consider as invincible, settling the game irrevocably for the first player.

C. H. STANLEY, Esq.—The numerous friends of this gentleman will be happy to learn that the English Government intend to provide for him. He is promoted from the Consular to the Diplomatic service, having been appointed Secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, Special Commissioner to the Danubian Principalities. Our readers may remember that this Commission consists of one each of the five great powers to settle the delicate questions there involved.

THE MATCH WITH PHILADELPHIA.—Our readers will be pleased to notice that this interesting match is resumed. In one of the games—the Scotch Gambit—we certainly have not the advantage, though a member of our Committee, Mr. Gallatin, thinks he has analyzed it to a draw. We are bound to do what we can for our friends, and the match is a close and crowded position. We are going to take the Philadelphian side and fight it single-handed and alone, against him and the whole New York Club, the loser to forfeit a set of chess-men. We may not disclose the result—certainly we shall not give the train of play—until the termination of the match. We have a masterly analysis of this game, which we shall publish at the proper time. Some of the variations are beautiful, and we doubt whether they can be surpassed by any games by correspondence extant. In the Scotch Opening, however, he has the advantage, and we believe something more substantial than the draw for us is in view.

OUR CHESS PRIZE.—The Committee of adjudication have awarded the prizes offered by us for the best chess problems as follows: To S. Loyd, for the best in three moves; to the same for the best in four moves; and to L. S. Lovell and N. MARACHE for the best in five moves. [The Committee were equally divided in opinion in regard to the last, and we settled the matter to their entire satisfaction by deciding that both were best, and each entitled to a prize.] These problems have been published in Nos. 18, 23, 25 and 24 of our paper respectively. The Committee also declared, *sensu contra dictio*, that "NELLIE" was far superior to a problem from all gallantry and favoritism, for the superior taste, which gives promise of still greater excellence in the future, displayed by her in the construction of chess enigmas.

THE GERMAN ILLUSTRATED ZEITUNG.—This little copied from our paper one of the young Loyd's problems, with a line or two of compliment to his skill. "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." We expect these protégés of ours, like Byron, when he wrote "Child Harold," will wake some morning and find themselves famous in the chess world.

J. B. C. CHICAGO.—We do not know any players of the first force in your vicinity. In the neighboring city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where we spent eight of the halcyon years of our boyhood, we used to see a fair display of chess talent in the persons of Mr. J. W. United States Commissioner, Wm. H. Lord, Esq., now temporarily sojourning in Wisconsin, is a fine player. We have also had many games with Mr. J. B. Cross, the present Mayor of that city—the last one (by correspondence) resulted in our giving him a *soe*, which he will remember to the day of his death as "Fuller's (not Philidor's) legacy."

Our chess portraits, so long deferred, find a conspicuous place in this week's issue, and we trust our readers will admit that "the action of the war does come up to the high sounding tone of the manifesto," and that our apparent "masterly inactivity" is justified by its results.

F. H. S.—Blank chess diagrams are now indispensable for recording positions. Those we use are clearly printed, and may be had for one dollar per hundred.

LA HOIGNE.—We continue to look in regular receipt of this excellent French periodical.

We perceive by the last number that Mr. Haenowitz, after an absence of two years from the chess world, has returned to Paris, and is once more a prominent figure in the chess world. United States Commissioner, Wm. H. Lord, Esq., now temporarily sojourning in Wisconsin, is a fine player. We have also had many games with Mr. J. B. Cross, the present Mayor of that city—the last one (by correspondence) resulted in our giving him a *soe*, which he will remember to the day of his death as "Fuller's (not Philidor's) legacy."

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BRILLIANT SCHACHZETZEN.—This chess magazine, the best in the world, also comes to us with unvarying punctuality, and contains matter of permanent interest, furnished by its editor, Herr Anderssen, who now wears the chess sceptre of the world. He is aided by the first chess talent in Germany, and has as regular contributors the king of pawn play, Hungarian Ben, and the great Russians, Jaenisch and Petroff—each perhaps unsurpassed in his class. The former is the master of the chess player. We shall translate items of interest as we can find room for them. Several errors crept into the game copied from this journal into our paper three weeks ago, which was owing to the absence of the editor. Though these errors were not material, and could easily have been corrected by any chess player, still we hope to avoid their recurrence.

A CHESS BEGINNER.—St. Louis, is informed that it is a flaw to have two solutions to a problem. Since Messrs. Cook and Allen have failed to come up with us on this subject we decide to act for them, and allow the previously occupied column to discuss our problem. We are satisfied that our former position is untenable. We make this admission somewhat at the expense of our sincerity, having desired to screen our friends from the obvious charge of having committed a mistake. W. T. J., of Augusta, Me., will find his query here answered.

GAME BY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN "NELLIE" AND THE EDITOR.

WHITE. MUSIC GAMBIT.
9 Q takes B (ch)
12 B takes Q (ch)
13 B takes Kt
13 R takes B
15 P to Q B 5

BLACK. EDITOR.
9 Q takes Q
10 K to K 2
11 B takes K
12 Q takes B
13 P to Q 3

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK CLUBS.

GAME FIRST.
New York against Philadelphia.
WHITE. Sicilian Opening. **BLACK.** Scotch Gambit.
Philadelphia. New York.
12 P to K B 3 15 B to Q B 2 18 Kt takes B
13 K to K 2 16 Q to E 2 19 Q to E 2
20 Q B to Q Kt 3 21 Kt to K 2 20 K to K B

CHESS ENIGMA BY THE EDITOR.
(This exact position occurred in a game between "the Editor" and Mr. Mead, the former playing the white.) **WHITE:** K at K B 2; Q at K R 5; B at Q 2; Kt at K B 4; P's at K R 2, K B 2, K R 3, K B 4; Q at Q 5; R's at Q B 7; Kt's at K E 5 and Q Kt 4.

White to play and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM XLIII.—By THE EDITOR.—White to play and mate in six moves.

BLACK.



WHITE. 1 K to Q 6 (ch)
2 P to Q 4 (ch)
BLACK. 1 K takes P
2 K takes R
WHITE. 2 K to K 4
3 K moves
BLACK. 4 R to B 6 and mates.

GAME XLIII.—SICILIAN OPENING.—Played in consultation by MESSRS. MEAD and FULLER against MESSRS. ROBERTS and MARACHE.

WHITE. M. and R.	BLACK. F. and M.	WHITE. M. and R.	BLACK. F. and M.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	26 Kt to Q 3	Q to her 3
2 K B to Q B 4	P to K 3	27 Q R to B 5	Q R to Q sq
3 K Kt to K 2	Q Kt to B 3	28 K R to Q B sq	Q R to Q 2
4 P to Q B 3	Kt to B 3	29 P to Q R 3 (ch)	K to K 2 (g)
5 K Kt to K 3	B to K 2	30 Q to R 4 (h)	Kt to K 6
6 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	31 Kt to K 5	Q R to Q B 2 (i)
7 K P takes P	K P takes P	32 Q takes R P	R takes R
8 K B to Kt 3 (a)	P takes P	33 R takes R P	R takes R
9 P takes P	Castles	34 P to Q Kt 4	Q takes Q
10 Castles	Kt to K 5	35 Q takes R	Kt to K 5
11 Q Kt to B 2	Kt takes Kt	36 P takes K	Kt to K 7 (k)
12 P B takes Kt	Q B to K 3	37 P to Q 3 4	Kt to K 5
13 Q B to K 4	K B to his 3	38 K to Kt 3	K to K 8
14 Q B to K 5	B takes B	39 Kt to Q B 4	Kt to Q R 3
15 P takes B	Kt takes P (b)	40 K to his B 2	K takes P
16 K P to K 5	P to Kt 3 (ch)	41 P to Q R 5	K to his 3
17 R to R sq	Q to Q 6 (c)	42 K to his 2	K to Q 4
18 B to B 2 (d)	P to Kt 3	43 Kt to Kt 6 (ch)	K to his 5
19 Q to K B 3	Kt to K 5	44 K to Q sq	P to Q 5
20 K to K 3	P to Q 5	45 K to Q B 4	K to Q 5
21 Kt to K 4	P to K B 4	46 K to Q 6	K to his 6
22 K takes B (ch)	Q takes B	47 Kt takes P (I)	Kt to K 5
23 Kt to Q B 5	Q to her B 3	48 P to Q R 6	Kt to K B 7 (ch)
24 Q to Kt 3 (ch)	Kt interposes	49 K to Q B sq	P to Q 7 (ch)
25 Q R to Q B sq (ch)	K R to B 2	50 K to Kt 2	P Queens.

And white resigns the partie.

NOTES TO GAME XLIII.

(a) By this retreat white resigned any supposed advantage from having had the first move.

(b) Black has now gained a "passed P" which becomes the rallying point, both of attack and defence throughout the game, and which alone secured their ultimate victory. White assaulted it hotly but black knew its value and clung to it with the tenacity of hope. White undoubtedly thought they could retake P for P, or they would not so readily have permitted the capture of their own.

(c) Threatening to win the exchange, or effect Philidor's smothered mate. This would have caught ordinary players but was a lost effort against two such "old stagers;" and, as will be seen, by the rejoinder of white, black came near losing the game by their temerity.

(d) Threatening mate—if the Kt removes.

(e) White could not take the P for P advantageously. If Kt takes P, R would pin it; and then white would become formidable.

(f) P to Q comp de res.

(g) Attacking the two pawns, and threatening to win the exchange if black remove the Kt to defend their passed P.

(h) A comp that wins the game. It absolutely forces all the exchanges that follow, and black all the while threatens mate. It would be a good lesson for the student to discover how black could escape the loss of the exchange at this point.

(i) At this stage of the game both Mr. Marache and Mr. Mead were compelled to leave. The editor, however, remained to witness the termination of the game, and the editor and Mr. Marache were compelled to leave. The maneuvers of this Kt to win a P will bear critical examination.

(j) Very ingenious. If black take Kt, white wins by queening the P.

GALLERY OF CHESS PORTRAITS.

NO. VIII.—COL. CHARLES D. MEAD.

The popular President of the New York Chess Club, distinguished alike for his superior skill as a chess player and his urbanity and uniform courtesy as a gentleman, would have been noticed long ere this, had we not considered it peculiarly apposite that his sketch should appear simultaneously with our engraving of chess portraits. Mr. Mead has been so closely identified for the past twenty years with the chess clubs of this city that his chess biography would be, in fact, the history of New York chess during that period. We are indebted to him for many interesting and valuable reminiscences, which we have gathered from time to time, and will give some few of them to our readers. About the year 1820, a chess club was in existence here, of which we have no special record other than what we have already published. It died out in a few years, and in 1836 the "New York Chess Club" was organized, which continued three years. They played a game by correspondence with the club of Washington City. John L. O'Sullivan, Esq., now resident Minister of this country at Portugal, was one of the leading members of the latter. The principal New York players were Mr. Saroni, (the President), Mr. Logan, a prominent lawyer of this city and of most eccentric genius; Prof. Agnew, the chess author, now of the West Point Military Academy; Messrs. Auld, James Thompson, Head, Fowler, Colyer, Robinson, Newton and Wilcox. Mr. Mead tells us that the last gentleman had the wonderful power of playing, blindfolded, *three games at once!* He adds that Mr. Kieseritzky was the only other player he ever saw who possessed this extraordinary faculty. The winner of the match with the Washington Club was to have received a board and set of chessmen, valued at fifty dollars. The Washington Club was defeated, but refused to give the prize on the ground that the New York Club was aided by the late Judge Fiske, of Newburgh, at that time probably the strongest player in the country, being fully equal to the celebrated conductor of "Maelzel's automaton chess player," with whom he played daily. This club had finely furnished rooms at "Bassford's" old billiard saloons in Ann street. In the early part of the year 1839 a new club was organized here, and accepted a challenge from the Norfolk Chess Club, of which Gov. Tazewell, one of the F. F. V.'s, was President, and C. W. Newton, corresponding Secretary. The New York Club, at that time, consisted of but few members, Messrs. Thompson and Mead being all who could be regarded as players of the first force. In so far as this match was concerned they were, in fact, the whole club, since they alone conducted the games and the correspondence. The match consisted of two games, lasting between two and three years, and was won by the New York Club. One of these games has already passed into the chess literature of the present age, having been extensively published throughout the world. It may be found in "Agnel's book of Chess," with copious notes by Mr. Stanley, who came to this country about the conclusion of the match, but who (contrary to the supposition of many) took no part in either game. The credit is due solely to the gentlemen named. This club had rooms in Vesey street, near the old American Hotel. It flourished for several years and finally removed to the Carlton House, where Mr. Stanley played several matches with Mr. Schulten, winning all of them but one, as we have stated more particularly in our pen-and-ink portraits of these players. At the Carlton House the arrangements were made for the great match of \$1,000 played at New Orleans between Messrs. Stanley and Rousseau, of that city, with the result of which all chess players are acquainted. Firm Bernier, Esq., a fine player and prominent member of the present N. Y. Chess Club was the second of Mr. Stanley. The chess column of the N. Y. *Spirit of the Times* was then conducted with great spirit and ability by Mr. Stanley, and Col. Mead was the *locum tenens* during Mr. Stanley's absence at New Orleans, and at all other times when he was away. Mr. Stanley desired Mr. Mead to take charge of that department on these occasions, because of his skill at chess, editorial experience and acknowledged ability as a polished writer and accomplished scholar. Mr. Stanley assured us that he has abundantly tested Mr. Mead's strength by playing hundreds of games with him, and added, to quote his own language, "he treads so closely on my heels that the difference between us is hardly worth mentioning." We consider, since Mr. Stanley has left, that Mr. Mead has no superior as a chess player in the city of New York. We designed to furnish on this occasion a fine game won by him of M.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GREAT FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE is now open at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Cattle Show will be held in Hamilton Square on the 14th, 15th and 16th days of October.
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[Oct. 4, 1856.]

**GEORGE PEABODY, THE
AMERICAN BANKER, LONDON,
ENGLAND.**

The announcement that Mr. Peabody, the great American banker, was to pay a visit to his native country, created a lively sensation among a large and influential circle of personal friends, and was hailed with delight by the enlightened public from the fact that Mr. Peabody, although established in a foreign country, and eminently successful in the pursuit of business, and justly popular with the highest classes of an aristocratic society, never has in a single instance forgotten his allegiance to his own country—never denied to be known except as an American in heart and feeling—and was never more happy, than when he was dispensing hospitalities to his fellow countrymen for the time sojourning in the English capital. A large number of personal friends and gentlemen, allied to Mr. Peabody in business relations, assembled at the Atlantic docks to give him a welcome; in accordance with the honored gentleman's express desire no formal reception was attempted. In return to the many congratulations Mr. Peabody received, he expressed his feelings in some spontaneous and happily expressed remarks, in which he alluded to the fact, that on that day the sun seemed to rise with more than cloudless brilliancy, as if to illumine with glory the land of his birth; and causing it even while dim in the distance to awaken within his breast the most powerful and heartfelt emotions. Upon landing, Mr. Peabody was escorted to his hotel, the St. Nicholas, where upon arrival he immediately retired to his rooms, desiring to avoid all public demonstrations, nuisances we trust he will be happy enough to escape. Arrangements, however, have been made for a banquet, and we have no doubt but that it will be creditable to the liberality and taste of the "merchant princes" of the great commercial metropolis of the new world. No social honor could be bestowed that Mr. Peabody does not deserve. His house in London has been the seat of noble hospitality, and in everything he has done we behold a desire on his part to sustain the friendly relations that should always exist between our own country and Great Britain. He has acted on many occasions as peace maker, but he has never sacrificed his independence or lost sight of the fact that he was an American sovereign, a natural peer for the noblest of foreign lands. For this we honor Mr. Peabody; the favorable contrast it exhibits to the snobbery of the large majority of American residents abroad, places his character in an exalted light, and shows that at the core he is a man possessing the true elements of greatness, and that his success as a banker is the result of qualities that would have made him successful in the field or forum. The airs of Albion have had their effect upon his physical appearance,



GEORGE PEABODY, THE AMERICAN BANKER, LONDON, ENGLAND.
AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

for he seems to enjoy, if possible, a superabundance of health, and being six feet high and naturally robust, he has become modelled in his exterior after the best specimens of the "fine old English gentleman."

Since we prepared the above, we have received the following noble and patriotic letter:

NEWPORT, Monday, September 22, 1856.
GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 16th inst. is before me. Allow me to say without affectation that no one can be more surprised than myself at the cordial welcome which you extend to me. Had my commercial and social life in London produced even half the results with which your kindness endows it, I should esteem myself more than repaid for all labors there by such a letter, subscribed as it is by many old and dear friends, by gentlemen whose names

palled at the wonderful changes that already meet my eyes. Although, as you well know, I have not slumbered meanwhile in a Sleepy Hollow, I stand amazed at the energy and activity which characterize your city. It is my wish and purpose to remain in the country long enough to understand these changes and their causes. On mature reflection, gentlemen, I think that if I accept the hospitalities which have been tendered to me by yourselves, and by friends in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities, I shall very seriously interfere with the objects of my visit. I have, therefore, been obliged to come to the conclusion to refuse all invitations to dinner, with the single exception of my native town of Danvers, in Massachusetts. I assure you most sincerely that I regret very much that my plans thus compel me to decline the high honor which you propose to confer upon me and to deny myself the pleasure of meeting so many personal friends. With great esteem and respect, I am, gentlemen, your faithful servant,

GEORGE PEABODY.



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